THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

FOR *APRIL* 1801;

With a View of the HARBOUR CRAIG, at NEW-HALL, near PENTLAND HILLS*.

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State

In our last, *for* a View of New Hall; *read*, a View of the CRAIGY BIELD, at New-Hall, &c.

at New Hall near Pentland Hills Geos. Shep. Art. I. Sc.

State of the BAROMETER, in inches and decimals, and of Farenheit's THERMOMETER in the open air, taken in the morning before sun-rise, and at noon; and the quantity of rain-water fallen, in inches and decimals, from March 26. to April 25. 1801, in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

1801.	Barom.	Thermom.		Rain.	Weather.
March		M	N.	In. Pts.	
26	29.66	45	57	——	Cloudy
27	29.6	48	53	——	Ditto
28	29.61	47	54	——	Ditto
29	29.801	38	46	0.151	Rain
30	30.15	37	50	——	Clear
31	30.145	47	56	——	Clear
April 1	30.09	43	57	——	Ditto
2	30.	56	62	——	Ditto
3	29.91	37	59	——	Ditto
4	29.63	46	57	——	Ditto
5	29.6	32	40	——	Cloudy
6	29.599	34	44	——	Ditto
7	29.	36	49	0.15	Snow
8	29.4	30	47	——	Cloudy
9	29.251	37	45	——	Ditto
10	28.97	37	43	0.121	Rain
11	29.41	38	45	0.05	Snow
12	30.	27	39	0.02	Ditto
13	30.29	34	51	——	Cloudy
14	30.11	42	62	——	Ditto
15	30.04	48	54	——	Ditto
16	29.8	43	47	0.041	Showers
17	29.711	37	56	——	Clear
18	29.741	42	51	——	Ditto
19	29.761	49	54	——	Cloudy
20	29.821	48	57	——	Ditto
21	30.123	43	57	——	Clear
22	30.2	40	61	——	Ditto
23	30.211	38	59	——	Ditto
24	30.1	39	66	——	Ditto
25	30.	38	67	——	Ditto

Quantity of Rain 0.533

High Water at LEITH. for MAY 1801.

		Morn.		Even.	
Days.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Fr.	1.	5	31	6	3
Sa.	2.	6	36	7	7
Su.	3.	7	38	8	6
M.	4.	8	35	9	1
T.	5.	9	27	9	51
W.	6.	10	15	10	38
Th.	7.	11	1	11	23
Fr.	8.	11	44	—	—
Sa.	9.	0	21	0	28
Su.	10.	0	51	1	13
M.	11.	1	36	1	59
T.	12.	2	23	2	47
W.	13.	3	12	3	37
Th.	14.	4	3	4	29
Fr.	15.	4	55	5	21
Sa.	16.	5	46	6	12
Su.	17.	6	36	7	1
M.	18.	7	24	7	47
T.	19.	8	9	8	31
W.	20.	8	52	9	14
Th.	21.	6	35	9	56
Fr.	22.	10	18	10	40
Sa.	23.	11	2	11	25
Su.	24.	11	51	—	—
M.	25.	0	15	0	42
T.	26.	1	9	1	39
W.	27.	2	9	2	41
Th.	28.	3	14	3	47
Fr.	29.	4	21	4	53
Sa.	30.	5	26	5	56
Su.	31.	6	27	6	54

MOON.

	D.	H.	M.	
Laſt Qrtr.	5	8	9	Morn.
New Moon	12	5	57	Even.
Firſt Qrtr.	20	9	21	Even.
Full Moon,	28	0	50	Morn.

OBSERVATIONS:

1802, *May* 12. Seſſion Sits
15. Whit. Term.
19. Queen Charlotte born.
21. General Aſſembly ſits.
22. Princeſs Elizabeth born.
29. King Charles II.'s Reſtoration.

The

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, OR LITERARY MISCELLANY FOR *APRIL* 1802.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VIEW.

BESIDES the Glen of the Eſk, other two, with each its ſtream deſcending from the ſouth weſt, unite with the valley between the Craigy Bield and the Harbour Craig. This remarkable rock, alluded to in this firſt act and ſcene of the Gentle Shepherd, forms the point of union with the moſt ſoutherly of theſe ſeen in the view, which is taken from the north-eaſt. The whole maſs is of a coarſe millſtone grit, compoſed of ſmall ſemi-tranſparent pebbles. To the eaſt, its, deep channels, fiſſures, gutters, crevices, and perpendicular projections, reſemble the old weather-beaten crumbling columns, pilaſters, and niches, of a venerable tower; and on approaching it, the wild and fantaſtic effect of its general appearance, is heightened by the multitude of initials, and names, and dates, with which every part of it is rudely ornamented; by the variety of its tints, from the diſſolved minerals oozing out of its cracks and chinks, amidſt the hoary moſſes adhering to its ſurface: and by the bunches of purple heath, bilberry, and creeping mooriſh plants, in many places ſtealing down the hollows, or waving from its brow. The glowing and brilliant rays of the morning ſun upon this ſide of the rock, the time when it is repreſented in the comedy as attracting the notice of the hero of the paſtoral, give additional boldneſs to its prominences, and are the moſt favourable to its grandeur. In paſſing from the Craigy Bield to the height beyond the junction of its ſtream with the Eſk, at the little haugh, at about the diſtance of a quarter of a mile, it terminates the viſta formed by the valley on the right.

From the ſingularity of its ſituation and figure, it ſeems to have long been an object of attention and curioſity, if we may rely upon one of the, dates which is 1191. Many others can only be gueſſed at; 1612 and 1640 are ſufficiently legible; but the moſt conſpicuous are thoſe of 1662, and 1666, when it was probaly firſt called the Harbour Craig, from the protection it aſſiſted in giving, as an unfrequented and convenient point of rendezvous to the Preſbyterians, during the religious perſecutions in favour of Epiſcopacy in the reign of Charles the Second. The valley deſcending from it points to the higheſt of the Pentland hills. From its ſummit, the whole chain on the ſouth ſide, from Rullion Green weſtward, is in full view; and this ſcene of action, where the Covanenters on 28th Nov. 1666 were finally defeated and ſcattered, is directly in the line, and exactly divides the diſtance between it and Edinburgh, where ſo many afterwards vainly ſuffered for their religious opinions on the ſcaffold, that had eſcaped from the ſword, and ſheltered themſelves about this rock and its neighbouring glens.

In Armſtrong's map of Tweedale, the Harbour Craig is particularly noted; and in the companion to it publiſhed

publiſhed 20th June 1775, he gives the following account of it. In his conjecture as to its height, however, although he does not include the loſty bank from which it riſes, he ſeems to be conſiderably below the truth.

"*Harbour Craig.* A curious rock, "projecting from the bank of a deep "glen. Its front is perpendicular "and about twenty-five feet high "from its baſe. On its face are cut "ſeveral initials, with dates; ſome "of which are ſo early as 1612, and "many fallen a ſacrifice to the ravages of time. The remote and exalted ſituation of this natural production, induced many of the presbyterian zealots, during the perſecution, to make uſe of it, not only as a ſecure retreat, but as an eligible roſtrum for oral exhortations "to their partiſans before the battle "of Rullion Green, 28th Nov. 1666; "moſt of the dates being previous "to that period. Whitefield had "for its owner a ſon of the much-admired Drummond of Hawthornden."

On the eaſt ſide of the valley of the Harbour Craig is the Harley muir, a low and flat ridge of heath, ſtretching north and ſouth along a great part of the ſpace in that direction, between the villages of Pennycuick and Linton. On this moor, it is reported, that an engagement took place with ſome troops ſent by General Monk to this neighbourhood, whilſt Cromwell was following Charles the Second to Worceſter.

Behind this rock, to the ſouthward, are extenſive ſtrata of coal, lime, and durable freeſtone, for which the wants of fuel, agriculture, and maſonry, occaſion a conſtant demand; although the ſale of the coal is leſſened by the general practice, among the tenants and cottagers in the pariſhes of Pennycuick and Linton, of uſing peats for firing. Over a diſtant part of the Harbour-Craig field of coal, extends a peat moſs of ſeveral feet in depth from the ſurface; ſo that the colliers, in ſinking their pits, are obliged to dig out one kind of fuel to get acceſs to another.

The weſt ſide of the Harbour Craig has the appearance of a ſmooth aſhlar wall, tinged with red, and green, and grey, with a bold horizontal projection running acroſs its ſummit, reſembling a deep cornice blunted, and defaced and injured by the corroding effects of time. The rocks on both ſides of the glen in this direction, ſeveral of which are ſeen in the view, conſiſt of a crumbling white freeſtone. A ſmall ſtream from the ſouth-weſt, after forming between them to little waterfalls, turns into a hole at the bottom of the weſtern bank, continues underground till it comes almoſt oppoſite to the Harbour Craig, when it ſuddenly burſts into light near the foot of the declivity about a quarter of a mile below its entrance, and, after a ſhort and rapid courſe of about a hundred and fifty yards, mingles its waters with thoſe of the rivulet that ſlowly glides along the valey from the ſouth-eaſt, near the ſpot from whence the preceding landſcape was taken.

Beſides the initials and dates, there are ſeveral names ſcattered over the ruged ſurface of the rock; and among others that of J. Giffurd, in large characters. As this ſeems to be the James Giffard, who appears to have been a man of conſiderable importance in the town, and among the ſmall proprietors about Linton, in the time of Charles the Second's religious perſecutions, and makes a conſpicuous figure in Doctor Pennycuick's poems, we ſhall give the following anecdote of him, from the companion to Armſtrong's map formerly quoted: "The Croſs," of Weſt Linton, "now decayed, is a "lively ſpecimen of natural genius, "without the aſſiſtance of art, being "the entire labour of one Gifford, a "ſmall

" ſmall ſea-proprietor in Linton; " which he erected, 1666, at his " ſole expence, to perpetuate the " memory of his beloved wife, and " five children; She is repreſented " in a devout poſture, on a pedeſtal " ſupported with four infants, and a " fifth on her head."—The traditional account is, that he erected this monument after his wife had brought him four children, on the ſuppoſition that he was to have no more. The conſort was placed on the middle of the pedeſtal, and a child at each corner; by which arrangement, he was enabled to furniſh the preciſe number of ornaments required, and at the ſame time to include all his family. Unexpectedly, however, after the ſtructure was compleated, his beloved wife again became pregnant, and a fifth made its appearance. The name of Triſtram Shandy did not occaſion greater embarraſſment, perplexity, and ſtudy, than this occurrence, attended with ſuch a mixture of joy and diſtreſs to portioner Giffard. On the one hand juſtice, pride, and affection, called aloud in ſupport of its right to a place on the monument, as well as the reſt of the family, in conformity to its original deſign, which was to include the whole. On the other, however, the public exhibition of another child, in ſo conſpicuous a ſtation, might flatter his vanity: how was this to be accompliſhed, without deſtroying the regularity of his building, and handing down to future generations his ignorance of the moſt eſſential rule in architecture? At length, after much profound deliberation, all theſe difficulties were reconciled and brought to an amicable ſettlement, by placing the effigy of this new production on its mother's head, where it ſtood for many years, as if, like a little Minerva, it had juſt ſprung from her brain. All the children have, in ſucceſſion, fallen down and diſappeared, but the ſmall portioner of Linton's wife ſtill remains in the middle of the town decked out, except the coronet, in all the finery of a ducheſs of the ſeventeenth century. It is believed Alexander Forreſter, the pariſh miniſter, lately bought what was Giffard's property, and fills his place.

In 1646 the father of Doctor Alexander Pennycuick, whoſe Chriſtian name as well as profeſſion was the ſame as his ſon's, purchaſed the eſtate of New Hall, and about the end of the century, that of Romanno, on the other ſide of Linton, now the property of Mr Kennedy. From this coincidence, the hiſtorian and poet has hitherto been confounded with his father, and in conſequence of a typographical miſtake, the ſame error has been continued in page 171 of this volume. New Hall then extended no farther ſouth than the banks of the Eſk, and did not include either the properties of Spittal, or Carlops in Tweedale, on which laſt is the Harbour Craig.

On the death of his father, the poet ſucceeded him in both his eſtates, and expreſſed his filial affection and grief in a copy of verſes inſerted in his Works, "Upon the "Death of Alexander Pennycuick "of New Hall," &c. It is to be regretted that theſe verſes have no date affixed to them, by which it could have been known when this happened; but in them we find that

"From old Forbeirs much worth he did inherit;"

that he had outlived five Scottiſh kings; that four times [illegible] had ſeen

"Prelate and Preſbyter turn upſide down,"

and that he had ſurvived "Thrice "thirty years"

The younger Doctor Pennycuick was born A. D. 1652, and died at the age of ſeventy, in 1722. He had two daughters, but no ſons. Along with one of them he gave the eſtate of New Hall to her huſband, Mr Oliphant

Oliphant younger of Langton, on her marriage in 1702; but retained the eſtate of Romanno till his death. when it went to his other daughter, who had married Mr Farquharſon of Kirktown of Boyne. In 1703 New Hall was purchaſed from Mr Oliphant, by Sir David Forbes, father to Mr John Forbes, advocate, the friend and patron of Allan Ramſay. For ſeveral years before his death, in 1722, Doctor Pennycuick reſided conſtantly at Romanno, his remaining eſtate, only a few miles from New Hall ſouthward on the other ſide of Linton, where he indulged his mirth and his muſe with the company and foibles of his neighbours, and with the ludicrous incidents that occurred among the portioners or ſmall landed proprietors, and inhabitants, of the "Famous town of Lintoun ſub-metropolitan of Tweedale." As he was a man of learning, he likewiſe employed himſelf frequently in botanical reſearches, and in making poetical tranſlations from Greek, Latin, Italian, and French authors.

As Charles the firſt was beheaded in 1648, two years after the purchaſe of New Hall by the elder Doctor Pennycuick, he and his ſon the poet were in poſſeſſion of this eſtate with his daughter, in the reign of Charles the firſt; during the uſurper Cromwell's protectorſhip; at the time of the Reſtoration of Charles the Second, his perſecution of the Preſbyterians, and their taking refuge about the Harbour Craig; at the æra of the Revolution, and at the Union. The detaching a party of Monk's troops to the place, gave a more than uſual intereſt, in this neighbourhood, to the events of the civil wars; and every particular circumſtance attending the Reſtoration, muſt have been as familiar and important to its inhabitants, as the names, characters, and hiſtories of Montroſe, Cromwell, and Monk; or the adventures of the gay and thoughtleſs Charles, whom this laſt officer placed upon the throne he had ſo long abandoned.

Such a combination of occurrences, muſt have made a ſtrong impreſſion on the poetical imagination of Doctor Pennycuick; and in the courſe of the numberleſs attractive and romantic ſtories he was in the conſtant uſe of hearing repeated, as to the hardſhips and viciſſitudes of Charles's adherents, it is not to be ſuppoſed that many of them would differ materialy, in the outline, from that which forms the plot of the Gentle Shepherd. Among his poems are, "A Tranſlation out of Guarini's "Paſtor Fido;" "A tranſlation "out of the ſame author;" and "A paſtoral Elegy on the death of "William Douglas elder of Dor-"nock, who departed this life the "— day of July 1715," entitled, "Pan and Paſtora, to the Shepherds "aſleep." It is highly probable, therefore, that, from his evident propenſity to this kind of poetry, he may have entertained a deſire to throw one of the accounts he had been amuſed with ſubſequent to the Reſtoration, into the form of a paſtoral drama; but being either unequal to the taſk, or averſe to the exertion it required, contented himſelf with communicating the ſtory, and the uſe that might be made of it, to his friends and acquaintances; particularly to ſuch as were likely to liſten to it with attention, and enter into his literary projects with avidity. Of theſe, none was ſo fitted by nature for his regard and confidence as Ramſay. He had the ſame playful ſocial diſpoſition, the ſame turn for ridicule, and the ſame taſte for paſtoral poetry with himſelf; and his anecdotes, obſervations, and hints accompanied with all the intereſt and weight that ariſes from ſuperiority in learning, age, experience, and rank in ſociety, would be greedily and thankfully received as from a father. The Paſtoral Poem on the Death of

Mr

Mr Dowglaſs of Dornock, by Pennycuick, muſt have been written poſterior to July 1715; and Ramſay, according to his biographers, began to ſtudy verſes in 1706, and to write publickly in 1711; ſo that he was not only a cotemporary author with Doctor Pennycuick for eleven years before his death in 1722; but ſeems to have adopted his vein of humour in moſt of his productions, merely improving upon his chief talent, the burleſque, ſatirical, and laughable deſcription of common and ridiculous incidents in low life. Sir David Forbes purchaſed New Hall from Doctor Pennycuick's ſon-in-law, Mr Oliphant, in 1703, eight years before the Doctor's death, who reſided at Romanno in the neighbourhood till the end of his days. He lived there at the very time when Ramſay was the gueſt of Mr Forbes, and was reciting to him the two firſt ſcenes of the Gentle Shepherd. They were afterwards printed, under the title of Patie and Roger, in 1721, the year before Doctor Pennycuick died.

Nothing therefore can be better ſupported by circumſtantiate evidence, than the obſervation made by the editor of Ancient Scottiſh Poems, 1786, that "he," Alexander Pennycuick, "is ſaid to have given "Ramſay the plot of the Gentle "Shepherd." And it is not believed that the following curious mode of diſproving this fact, in a late laboured edition of Ramſay's Works, will have any other effect on the reader's mind, than more firmly to eſtabliſh the truth of the report. After inſerting a remark in the "Life of "Ramſay," which has nothing to do with the queſtion, as if it was of great importance, that "The rival "of Ramſay was a much younger "perſon" than Doctor Alexander Pennycuick; the ſubject is cleared up, in a note, in this very ſatisfactory manner. "The two Pennycuicks "were confounded by the editor of "the Ancient Scottiſh Poems, 1786: —"Alexander Pennycuick," ſays he, "wrote a few Scottiſh Poems of "no value, publiſhed with his Ac"count of Tweedale. He is ſaid to "have given Ramſay the plot of the "Gentle Shepherd." The ſaid editor ſeems not to have known "the "famous Pennycuick, whoſe un"doubted rivality diſproves the un"authorized aſſertion, that he gave "Ramſay the plot of the Gentle "Shepherd." Alexander Penny"cuick, the rival of Ramſay, was "buried in the Greyfriars church"yard, on the 28th of November "1730.—(Record of Mortality.) "He is called on the regiſter, "Alexander Pencook, merchant;" "as Ramſay was alſo called by it "merchant, becauſe he was a book"ſeller." How does all this prove that the two Pennycuicks, (if this can be ſaid with propriety of people whoſe names were not the ſame,) were confounded; or what concern, as to this fact, has the rivalry of Pencook and Ramſay with the claims of Doctor Pennycuick, who died only eight years before the merchant, to the plot of the Gentle Shepherd? Becauſe it was not furniſhed by Pencook, does it follow of courſe that the ſtory, grounded perhaps on ſome real events, could not have been communicated, and the application of it ſuggeſted by Pennycuick? As to the invidious, if not ironical, application of the epithet "famous" to Pencook, it ſeems merely to refer to his "rivality;" for in piety, learning, taſte, humour, and though born at a more improved period, even frequently in ſmoothneſs of verſification, he is by much the other's inferior. Indeed he ſeems to be famous for nothing but a diſguſting vulgarity, and a brazed and ſhameleſs diſregard to decency; of which his *Heathen Heroes* is a ſample beyond all praiſe.

We

We have thus endeavoured to trace the plot of this celebrated paſtoral, and, by a ſingular conformity, it ſeems to proceed from the ſame quarter where its characters were drawn, and where its ſcenery ſtill exiſts.

(*To be continued, with a View of the Waſhing Green. Act I. Scene 2.*)

ON DECORTICATION, AS A MEANS FOR FREEING ORCHARDS FROM INSECTS.

IN general, to ſtrip off the bark of trees, is to kill them; and yet it appears, by ſome experiments made by Dr Mitchell of New-York, there is a time of the year when apple-trees (*pyrus malus*) may be peeled from their roots to their boughs, on all ſides, without ſuſtaining any damage from the operation. An experiment was made in 1799 upon an apple-tree, the whole body of which was decorticated, and whoſe branches nevertheleſs retained all their leaves and fruit. In two months after an entire new coat of bark was formed, which inveſted the tree on every ſide. The tree was as healthy and vicorous as ever. The ſeaſon for doing this is when the days are at the longeſt, that is, towards the end of June.

A tree peeled in the ſummer of 1798 outlived the ſucceeding winter, which was a very ſevere one, without being in any reſpect injured. Another, which was denuded in June, 1799, produced its bark completely before September, and was as full of fruit as if nothing had been done to it. "There is no doubt," ſays Dr Mitchill, "that an orchard might be treated in this manner with perfect ſafety, if the operation was well-timed. The farmers ſay that it will make old trees young again; but I own, though I have ſeveral times been witneſs of the harmleſsneſs of the practice, it looks to me ſtill like a very violent and hazardous remedy. The experiment, however, demonſtrates a moſt remarkable power in the vegetable economy. Whether other trees may thus be decorticated I have not yet learned."

We may juſt obſerve, that the idea entertained by the American farmers is probably in ſome caſes very well founded; for as trees (apple-trees at leaſt) have the power of re producing their bark, it muſt ſometimes happen that millions of inſects and eggs of inſects will thus be inſtantaneouſly removed, which otherwiſe would continue to burrow in and feed upon the tree. This circumſtance will account for the trees appearing as healthy after as before the proceſs, even if we ſuppoſe it in ſome meaſure injurious; for, as the health is to be judged of comparatively, it is plain, that a tree allowed to retain its bark, may, in ſuch circumſtances as we have ſtated, be leſs healthy than one that has been ſtripped.

The fact, at any rate, deſerves the ſerious attention of all who have orchards. Would it not be worth while to aſcertain how far trees might be freed from them by decortication, with the view of applying the remedy generally? We need hardly add, that in every caſe of the kind the bark ſhould be carried out of the orchard and burnt, to prevent the inſects from travelling back to the trees; and that a bandage impregnated with ſome fetid ſubſtance ſhould be tied round the lower part of each tree to prevent the inſects that may have fallen during the proceſs from again aſcending.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

THE Monarch, which fought ſo bravely in the late action off Copenhagen, got foul of the rigging of the Ganges; one of the ſeamen who had been employed in clearing them, finding himſelf on board the Ganges, jumped overboard, and ſwam towards the Monarch, ſwearing he would never deſert his ſhip.

A boat was inſtantly put off, which ſaved the poor fellow's life.

REMARKS

REMARKS ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

From Chalmers's new edition of Ramsay's Poems.

[*Continued from our last, p.* 193.]

IN the two ſupplemental cantos of Chriſt's Kirk on the Green, the poet appears again in the ſtyle, in which he peculiarly excelled—humourous deſcription of vulgar life. The firſt canto is one of the many compoſitions of that moſt accompliſhed prince, James the Firſt of Scotland, of whom, ſays Major the hiſtorian, "Codices plurimi et canti-"lenæ memoriter adhuc apud Scotos "habentur *." It deſcribes with great humour and pleaſantry a brawl at a country wake, or dancing bout, probably on occaſion of a wedding. "The king," ſays Ramſay, "having painted the ruſtic ſquabble with "an uncommon ſpirit, ambitious to "imitate ſo great an original, I put "a ſtop to the war, called a congreſs, "and made them ſign a peace, that "the world might have their picture "in the more agreeable hours of "drinking, dancing, and ſinging." This was a bold attempt; but the poet knew his own powers, and has executed

* The circumſtance of James V. inheriting this talent of his anceſtor, and having, like him, compoſed humorous ballads, particularly the well-known ſong of the Gaberlunzie-man, deſcribing a frolic of his own in the diſguiſe of a beggar, has given riſe to the doubt, whether the poem of Chriſt's Kirk was not likewiſe the compoſition of the latter prince: but the controverſy is decided by a twofold mode of proof: 1. Intrinſic evidence; and, 2. Poſitive teſtimony. The language of the firſt canto of Chriſt's Kirk will appear to thoſe who are critically ſkill'd in the Scottiſh dialect, to be evidently that of a much older period, than the language of the Gaberlunzie-man, or the common language of the age of James V. who was born in 1511, and died in 1542. The improvement, or at leaſt the change produced by the laſpe of a century, is plainly obſervable, on the ſlighteſt compariſon of the two. In the Gaberlunzie man, the language is very little different, from that which is ſpoken, at preſent, by the vulgar in Tweeddale, Clydeſdale, the Merſe, and Lothians, the Lowlands of Scotland; nor is there a ſingle word or phraſe in that ſong, which the common people in thoſe parts of the country, at this day, do not underſtand. In the poem of Chriſt's Kirk, there occur ſuch words and phraſes almoſt in every ſtanza—*thir laſſes licht of laits—gluvis of the raffel richt—ſhune of the ſtraits—when men them nicht—her rude was reid—ſcho bad gae chat him—as he could lanſs—the kenſie cleikit to the cavell—he cheiſit a ſtane—cheir him—chard him—ane haſty benſure callit Hary—the reird raiſe rudely wi the rapps—he was not yowden.* &c. Theſe are expreſſions, which no Scotſman of the preſent day can interpret without the help of a gloſſary, or without etymological conjecture, and ſtudy of the context. The vicious taſte of alliteration in poetry was prevalent in the age of James I. It was a favourite ornament of his own ſtyle; as the ballad of Peeblis to the Play, or at Beltayn, proves; a compoſition, in every circumſtance of ſubject, ſtyle, and manner, ſo entirely reſembling Chriſt's Kirk, as to leave no doubt, that they are the work of the ſame hand. Alliteration abounds in the firſt canto of Chriſt's Kirk; but it was exploded in the time of James V. at leaſt with all men of taſte: there is not a trace of it in the Gaberlunzie-man. In ſhort, there is as remarkable a difference betwixt the ſtyle of the latter compoſition, and that of the former, (though ſimilarity of ſubject would naturally have induced ſimilarity of expreſſion,) as there is between the language of Lydgate (I had almoſt ſaid of Chaucer) and that of Spencer. But the poſitive teſtimony is deciſive. Bannatyne was a cotemporary of James V; he was a curious collector of poetry, and, without doubt, perfectly well acquainted with all the king's compoſitions. James V. died in 1542, in the thirty firſt year of his age. Bannatyne's collection, the labour of many years, was finiſhed in 1568; and he aſſerts Chriſt's Kirk to have been compoſed by James the Firſt—"Quod King James I." If this be an erroneous aſſertion, it would be juſt ſuch a miſtake, as if Dodſley, in his Collection, had aſſigned Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard to Abraham Cowley. See various other arguments in Poetical Remains of James I. printed at Edinburgh in 1783

Ed. Mag. April 1801.

executed his part in a moſt maſterly manner. The quarrel is put an end to, in the firſt ſtanza, by the intervention of a tremendous figure, Θεος απο μηχανης. It is not

——the blue-ey'd maid,
Who to its ſheath returns the ſhining blade:

But a perſonage equally awful:

But now the bauld gude-wife of Baith,
Arm'd wi' a great kail-gully,
Came belly-flaught, and loot an' aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly
Fou faſt that day.

Terrified into good order, after a ſlight ſkirmiſh between a noiſy poltroon and a termagant, the parties with one conſent, ſhake hands, adjuſt their diſhevelled locks, tye their cravats, and call in the fiddler. A ſcene enſues of frolic and jollity, which furniſhes a picture that Hogarth could not have eaſily improved. The variety of humorous characters, and their ſeveral employments in the piece, evince the moſt thorough acquaintance with ruſtic life and manners. The bold and ſturdy hoſteſs; the bragadocio, who lay quiet while the fray was at its height, and whoſe courage riſeswhen the danger is over; the priggiſh taylor, who affects the airs of a courtly dancer, Falkland bred; the little ſhort-legged gentleman, who makes up in pride what he wants in ſtature, and who damns the fiddle and calls for the pipes; Tam Lutter, who ſcorns all amuſement but the tankard; the ſelf-important pariſh-clerk, (the letter-gae of haly rhyme,) who ſits at the head of the board, and whoſe opinions it was unlawful to contradict, or queſtion;—all are painted with exquiſite humour; each with the ſtrongeſt characters of diſcrimination, and with the ſtricteſt conſonance to nature, from which the poet drew.

The two ſupplemental cantos of Chriſt's Kirk were written, the one in 1715, and the other in 1718. The latter is of equal merit with the former. It opens with a deſcription of the morning, as riſing on the jolly villagers, who are unuſually drowſy from the laſt night's debauch. Here, let us, by the way, remark the difference between witty and humorous compoſition. Butler, and Ramſay, were each poſſeſſed of both wit and humour in no ordinary meaſure; but the former quality predominated with the Engliſh bard, the latter with the Scottiſh. Butler thus deſcribes the morning, ludicrouſly, but wittily:

The ſun had long ſince in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

This pleaſes as an ingenious piece of wit. The whimſicalneſs of the compariſon makes us ſmile; but it is no juſt picture of nature, and therefore it is not humorous. Now, mark the humour with which Ramſay deſcribes the dawn, as riſing upon his jolly company at the bridal: a little coarſeneſs muſt be excuſed; the picture, otherwiſe, had not been faithful:

Now frae th' eaſt nook of Fife, the dawn
Speel'd weſtlines up the lift;
Carles, wha heard the cock ha'd crawn,
Begoud to rax and rift;
And greedy wives, wi' girning thrawn,
Cry'd, "Laſſes, up to thrift."
Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
Bang'd to their breeks like drift,
Be break o' day.

Humour muſt be conſonant to nature; it is nature ſeen in abſurd and ludicrous aſpects. Wit gives an apparent and fanciful reſemblance to nature, but it requires, for its very eſſence, a real contrariety. This canto deſcribes the events of the day following the marriage. The friends of the young couple bring each his preſent of ſome utenſil, or piece of furniture, which is laid down on the bed, with a compliment, or a banter. The morning is ſpent in receiving theſe tokens of kindneſs, the day in frolic and ſports peculiar to the occaſion, and it is concluded with a hearty carouſal,

carouſal, where the main object is to ſend the new-married man to bed as drunk as poſſible, that his wife may know at once the beſt and worſt of her bargin.—Such is the plan of Ramſay's Chriſt's Kirk on the Green, a compoſition of very high merit, in its own particular ſtyle, and which will preſerve the memory of cuſtoms and manners, long after they have ceaſed to be obſerved, or are known in actual life.

The review of the humorous compoſitions of Ramſay prompts an obſervation, which naturally riſes from the ſubject: the pleaſure derived from ridicule is felt in a much ſtronger degree by ſome temperaments than by others. There are even writers of acuteneſs and diſcernment, who condemn that pleaſure as groſs or vulgar; and, therefore, as indicating the want of a delicate taſte. Lord Cheſterfield thought it unworthy of a man of faſhion to laugh. The author of Elements of Criticiſm, a work which diſplays a great knowledge of human nature, but which miſleads ſometimes from over-refinement, aſſerts *, that "Ridicule ariſes chiefly "from pride, which is a ſelfiſh paſ- "ſion. It is, therefore, at beſt, but "a groſs pleaſure. A people, it is "true, muſt have emerged out of "barbarity, before they can have a "taſte for ridicule; but it is too "rough an entertainment for the "highly poliſhed and refined. Cicero "diſcerns in Plautus a happy talent "for ridicule, and a peculiar delicacy "of wit: but Horace, who made a "figure in the court of Auguſtus, "when taſte was conſiderably puri- "fied, declares againſt the lowneſs "and roughneſs of that author's rail- "lery." Ridicule," continues the ſame author, "is baniſhed France, "and is loſing ground in England." This appears to me to be a ſtrained apology for the want of a natural, moſt agreeable, and moſt uſeful perception; and the whole doctrine here laid down is, as I apprehend, founded in error. Ridicule does not chiefly ariſe from pride, which is indeed a ſelfiſh paſſion, and could furniſh only a very groſs pleaſure: but it ariſes from a ſtrong ſenſe of propriety and impropriety, and a nice diſcernment both of natural and of moral beauty and deformity. The violation of that propriety, whether by involuntary error, by folly, or abſurdity, or even by ſome ſlighter vices, if not in ſuch a degree as to excite an indignant or angry emotion, produces laughter, which carries with it ſome degree of ſcorn and contempt, not ariſing from any proud feeling of excellence in ourſelves, but merely from obſerving the want of it in others: and here we ſee the moral end of the perception, which, in truth, is to correct and reform. Men and nations, when they become too refined, loſe that nice perception of propriety and impropriety; for the commerce of the world, by preſenting habitual violations of propriety, occaſions the breach of it to be regarded with indifference. This is the cauſe why ridicule is baniſhed France, and why it is perhaps loſing ground in England: a truth therefore little to the honour of any nation of which it can be predicated. With reſpect to the laſt, however, we would fain hope that the obſervation is unjuſt. Lord Cheſterfield, by birth an Engliſhman, was a Frenchman both in manners and in principles. The ſentiment of Horace is ſuitable to a courtier of the reign of Auguſtus; his morality was that of a corrupted age, and his taſte was influenced by that morality. The times of Cicero, evil as he thought them, were not ſo refined; and he was himſelf a man of rigid virtue: let us then cheriſh the ſentiment of ridicule, as a proof of uncorrupted manners; and let us value it for its moral uſefulneſs. Woe be to that

* Chapter ii. part 2.

that nation, where it either ceaſes to be generally felt, or (in the approach of that fatal period) becomes an object of cenſure to the critic or of condemnation to the moraliſt.

The City of Edinburgh's Addreſs to the Country is dated in November 1718. It commences playfully, and, in imitation of the epiſtolary form, which is uſed in public writings that are iſſued by the ſovereign:

From me, Edina, to the brave, and fair,
Health, joy, and love, and baniſhment of care:
Forasmuch as bare fields, &c.

The pleaſures and comforts of a city life, in winter, are delineated with great ſpirit and vivacity; and the colouring is glowing and attractive. The picture has likewiſe its peculiar merit, from exhibiting the appropriate features of the Scottiſh capital, with reſpect to cuſtoms and modes of life, at the period in which it was drawn. The greater cities, the reſidences of courts, poſſeſs a ſimilarity, or rather uniformity of character, of which the features have been ſo frequently drawn, that the delineation has loſt, in a great meaſure, the charm of novelty. Edinburgh, poſſeſſing the rank, and in no ſmall degree, the ſplendor of a metropolis, but no longer the reſidence of a court, promiſes from that circumſtance to exhibit manners of her own: and this in many reſpects is really the caſe. Still, however, the general characters are nearly the ſame. Milton, in the latter part of his Allegro, has given a maſterly ſketch of them:

Towered cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men, &c.

It is amuſing to mark the ſame, or nearly ſimilar ideas, delineated by two writers of ſo different a character and genius as Milton and Ramſay; nor is the compariſon diſhonourable to the former, nor the contraſt diſcreditable to the latter. The muſe of Ramſay wears, as uſual, her comic ſock; while that of Milton, even in a moment of gaiety, preſerves her air of majeſty, and deigns not to divert herſelf of the buſkin.

The poem of Content, though diſplaying paſſages of conſiderable merit, is languid on the whole, from the trite nature of the ſubject, the awkward manner in which the piece is conducted, and its inordinate length. Silenus, conjured by the poet to

Retail his gather'd knowledge, and diſcloſe
What ſtate of life enjoys the moſt repoſe,

deſcribes a variety of characters, without order or connection, who, from ſome prevalent evil paſſion or vicious conformation of mind, fail to attain that happineſs which they purſue, and are a prey to diſcontent. Silenus ends his ſong, and the poet falls aſleep, when Minerva appears to him in a dream, and ſets out with him as his guide "to find the habitation of "Content." They travel through camps, crowded cities, warehouſes, and fragrant fields; and at length, by means of an old teleſcope made by Socrates and Epictetus, they diſcover the object of their ſearch, in a palace on the top of a hill. Touchſtone Diſappointment guards the door, and tries the merits of various travellers, male and famale, who ſeek admaſſion into this reſidence of bliſs. Of theſe ſome of the characters are painted with propriety and ſkill. The apoſtrophe to the miſer is vigorous, both in the thought and the expreſſion:

Poor griping thing! how uſeleſs is thy breath!
While nothing's ſo much long'd for as thy death,
How meanly haſt thou ſpent thy life of years,
A ſlave to poverty, to toils and fears!
And all to vie with ſome black rugged hill,
Whoſe rich contents millions of cheſts can fill.
As round the greedy rock clings to the mine,
And hinders it in open day to ſhine,

Till

Till diggers hew it from the ſpar's embrace,
Making it circle, ſtamp'd with Cæſar's face:
So doſt thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin
His uſeful image, and thy country's coin;
Till gaping heirs have freed th' impriſon'd ſlave,
When, to their comfort, thou haſt fill'd a grave.

Wealth, or the Woody *; a Poem on the South Sea: written June 1720. At a time when this faſcinating project was at its height, and the nation ſeemed intoxicated to the utmoſt pitch, Ramſay appears to have entertained a juſt ſuſpicion of the ſolidity of a ſcheme, which promiſed boundleſs wealth to a people, without the ſmalleſt exertion of talents or of induſtry; and this compoſition is evidently intended to put his credulous countrymen on their guard againſt a deluſion, which he foreſaw would entice thouſands to their ruin. After a poignant deſcription of the effect produced by a ſudden change of proſperous fortune on native meanneſs of ſoul; the inſolence and pride attending undeſerved elevation; and painting, with the pencil of ſatire, the faſtidious airs aſſumed by thoſe who, a few months before, were the tenants of a garret,

And only durſt, in twilight or the dark,
Steal to a common cook's, with half a mark;

how prophetic is the following anticipation of what a ſimilar term of time might probably produce!

This I foreſee, and time ſhall prove I'm right,
(For he's nae poet wants the ſecond ſight,)
When autumn's ſtores are ruck'd up in the yard,
And ſleet and ſnaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard;
When bleak November's winds make foreſts bare,
And with ſplenetic vapours fill the air;
Then, then, in gardens, parks, or ſilent glen,
When trees bear nothing elſe, they'll carry—men.

The proſpect of Plenty follows; to the chimerical hopes of inexhauſtible riches from the project of the South Sea, the poet now oppoſes the certain proſpect of national wealth from the proſecution of the fiſheries in the North Sea; thus judiciouſly pointing the attention of his countrymen to the ſolid fruits of patient induſtry, and contraſting theſe with the airy projects of idle ſpeculation. Of induſtry the certain conſequence is plenty, a gradual enlargement of all the comforts of ſociety, the advancement of the uſeful, and the encouragement of the elegant arts, the cultivation of talents, the refinement of manners, the increaſe of population:—all that contributes either to national proſperity, or to the rational enjoyments of life. The compoſition and ſtructure of this piece are leſs deſerving of encomium than the wiſdom of its precepts. An unſkilful uſe is made of the heathen mythology. Amphitrite claims the ſong: Nereus riſes from his watery bed; and Oceanus with pleaſure hears him ſing—of herring-buſſes filling the northern ſeas—"in order rang'd be-"fore the muſe's eye." The meaſure, which is heroic, is at variance with the dialect and phraſeology, which are provincial and burleſque.

The elapſe of a few months completely juſtified the poet's foreſight, in the preceding compoſition: and in an Epiſtle to Lord Ramſay, intitled The Riſe and Fall of the Stocks, he relates the origin and progreſs of the ſouth-ſea bubble, till its burſt into air. This piece is dated the 25th March 1721. It is a ſtrong and vivid picture, contraſting the tumultuous infatuation that prevailed while the project was at its height, with the deep deſpondency that attended its

* The woody is the gallows.

its diſſolution. He cautions his countrymen from giving way to this deſpondency; he labours to teach them the beſt improvement of their misfortunes, and preſents to their minds the proſpect of a bright ſunſhine, which is to break forth after a gloomy morning.

On the ſame ſubject, in a happy and frolickſome moment, our poet wrote The Satyr's Comic Project for recovering a young bankrupt Stockjobber. It is a parody of the well-known ballad of "Colins's Complaint."

By the ſide of a murmuring ſtream,
A ſhepherd forlaken was laid, &c.

On the ſhore of a low ebbing ſea,
A ſighing young jobber was ſeen,
Staring wiſhfully at an old tree,
Which grew on the neighbouring green.

The Project, if it want the merit of novelty, has the ſuperior recommendation of conſtant repetition, with complete ſucceſs. The young ſtockjobber, in deſpair of retrieving his broken fortune, and meditating to purchaſe a halter, is addreſſed by a ſatyr:

A ſatyr that wander'd along,
With a laugh to his raving reply'd;
The ſavage maliciouſly ſung,
And jok'd, while the ſtockjobber cry'd:

Come, hold up thy head, fooliſh wight;
I'll teach thee thy loſs to retrieve;
Obſerve me this project aright,
And think not of hanging, but live.

Hecatiſſa, conceited and old,
Affects in her airs to ſeem young;
Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
And plenty of nonſenſe her tongue.

Lay ſiege to her for a ſhort ſpace,
Ne'er mind that ſhe's wrinkled and grey;
Extol her for beauty and grace,
And doubt not of winning the day, &c.

There is no ancient poet, whoſe compoſitions have ſo frequently been the ſubject of imitation as Horace. The reaſons are: he is a jocoſe and feſtive moraliſt; his philoſophy has nothing of the auſtere; even his ſatire is tempered with good-humour; and his pieces are ſhort, and within the compaſs of a moderate exertion of the imitator. But, for theſe reaſons likewiſe, we have many unſkilful attempts; for the happy eaſe of the compoſition is judged to be a proof, that it may be eaſily compoſed. Yet, obſerve what was the opinion of one of the beſt of the Engliſh critics, in reviewing the imitations of Horace by one of the greateſt of the Engliſh poets: "To fall ſhort of the original cannot be deemed a diſgrace "to him, (Pope,) or to any other "writer, if we conſider the extreme "difficulty of transfuſing into another language the ſubtle beauties "of Horace's dignified familiarity, "and the uncommon union of ſo "much facility and force *."

The above remark, however, is not ſtrictly applicable to the imitations of Horace by Ramſay, as he had not properly the taſk of tranſlating from his original. He fairly tells us that his chief acquaintance with Horace was at ſecond-hand, and through the medium of Engliſh tranſlations †. But this is no diminution of his merits, as we do not find that he has borrowed any thing of the dreſs or manner in which former tranſlators had cloathed the thoughts of the Roman poet. He has clad him according to his own fancy, in the general coſtume of his native country. Ramſay was himſelf (if the expreſſion may be allowed) a true Horatian genius. In taſte, in paſſion, and in ſentiment, a friend to the innocent, becauſe moderate, gratifications of convivial intercourſe:

* Warton's eſſay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 338.

† "I underſtand Horace but faintly in the original, and yet can feaſt on his "beautiful thoughts dreſſed in Engliſh." [Preface to Ramſay's Poems.]

tercourſe: an Epicurean in every thing, but laxity of moral and religious principle.

To William Earl of Dalhouſie, the chief of his name and family, the poet addreſſes, with propriety, his imitation of the firſt ode of Horace to Mecænas:

Mecænas atavis edite regibus.
Dalhouſie of an auld deſcent.

This compoſition, which, from its fidelity to the thought, and happy imitation of the ſtyle of the original, might almoſt fall under the deſcription of a tranſlation, is diſtinguiſhed from that ſpecies of writing, ſolely, by this peculiarity, in which lies the chief merit of the copyiſt, an exact adaptation of the different characters in the original to modern times, and to the manners of his own country:

Some like to ſtudy, ſome to play,
Some on the Links to win the day,
And gar the courſer rin like wood, &c.
Sunt quos carriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegiſſe juvat, &c.
The Lothian farmer he likes beſt
To be of gude faugh riggs poſſeſt;
And ſen upon a frugal ſtock,
Where his forbears had us'd the yoke.
Illum de proprio condidit horreo,
Quicquid de Libycis verſatur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere ſarculo
Agros.——

In the piece, which immediately follows, or Horace's addreſs "Ad na-"vim Virgilium Athenas vehentem," this peculiarity is wanting. There is no adaptation of the ſentiments of the Roman poet to modern times; but inſtead of it, a burleſque of the original, by ſubſtituting, in place of its lofty imagery and ſerious ſtyle, a ludicrous caricature of its figures, and a vulgar phraſeology. The worſt is, that his burleſque is not profeſed; nor is it univerſal. Grave and judicious moral ſentiments are illuſtrated by ludicrous figures, and debaſed by vulgar expreſſion. Thus the topic of the origin of evil, which the Roman poet attributes to the crime of Prometheus in ſtealing fire from heaven, and which he treats in terms of ſuitable ſolemnity, is, after a grave introduction, thrown moſt unſeaſonably to ridicule by low and ludicrous phraſeology:

Audacious men at nought will ſtand,
When vicious paſſions have command:
Prometheus ventur'd up, and ſtaw
A lowan coal fra heaven's high ha';
Unſonſy thrift! which fevers brought
In bikes, which fowk like ſybows hought:
Then death, erſt ſtaw, begin to ling,
And faſt as hops to dart his ſting.
Neiſt, Dædalus muſt contradict
Nature forſooth, and feathers ſtick
Upon his back.——

This is injudicious: the ſubject might admit of a ludicrous parody; but we have here only a burleſque tranſlation, and that but awkwardly performed.

Of a character widely diſtinct from the preceding, is the imitation of Horace's ode to Seſtius, "Solvitor "acris hyems." Here, the native language of the poet has perfect propriety. The imagery of the original is familiar; it is a juſt picture of nature. The return of ſpring is deſcribed as it is ſeen, and felt: the renovated beauty of inanimate nature, and the gaiety thence communicated to all animated beings, admirably deſcribed in the original, is pictured in the copy with no other change than the adaptation, by the Scottiſh poet, to the ſcenery and manners of his own country.

Here Ramſay was truly within the ſphere of his peculiar talents. In this ode to Seſtius, and yet more remarkably in the imitation of "Vides ut "alta ſtet nive candidum, Soracte," he diſplays a ſingular felicity of genius. Of this moſt beautiful compoſition I have no ſcruple to affirm, what I believe will be aſſented to by all, who are competent to judge of poetry alike in either language, that it ſurpaſſes the merit of the original;

Look

Look up Pentland's towering taps,
Bury'd beneath great wreaths of ſnaw.

As the Roman bard throws his eye on the Tuſcan Soracte, with what propriety does the Scottiſh poet, the citizen of Edinburgh, direct his proſpect to the Pentland hills! In the original the deſcription is leſs particular, and the moral is more ſententiouſly expreſſed, than in the copy. But this appears to me to conſtitute an additional merit of the latter. The ſcenes are not deſcribed by their general features; they are pictured to the eye; and the amplitude of eaſy and jocular expreſſion gives an intereſt more approaching to the dramatic;

Driving their baws frae whin or tee,
There's no nae gowſers to be ſeen;
Nor douſſer fowk wyſing a jee
The byaſs-bowls on Tamſon's green.
Then ſing on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the houſe baith butt and ben;
That muchkin ſtowp it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret beſt keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter ſoon;
It makes a man baith gaſh and bauld,
And heaves his ſaul beyond the moon.

Who but a kindred genius could have thus delightfully paraphraſed "Donec virenti canities abeſt," &c.

Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafauld o'er a rung.
Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſies, while 'tis May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay:

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp onv ſkaith.
"Haith ye're ill-bred," ſhe'll ſmiling ſay;
"Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:"
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happineſs you want,
And plainly tell you to your face'
Nineteen nay-ſays are half a grant.

I am well aware that this is truly ſo ὡραῖα συνιεῖσιν, and that none but a Scotſman, and he a man of taſte and a ſcholar, can fully appreciate the merit of this imitation, or thoroughly conceive its beauties: but even an Engliſhman may diſcern a part of the merits of the original, although this is all that perhaps he can do.

But the talents of Ramſay are not only to be admired in that ſpecies of poetry, which falls under the deſcription of free tranſlation, or imitation: in original compoſitions of his own, he has adopted the Horatian manner with ſingular felicity, both of ſentiment and expreſſion: of this an admirable ſpecimen is "The Epiſtle to Mr —— on his Marriage;" it is "multum in parvo," a text for many homilies. The wiſdom of the poet's counſels will be acknowledged by all, who are competent to judge of them; and we reliſh his precepts the better, that it is the eaſy friend, and not the pedantic moraliſt, who addreſſes us. In the "Epiſtle to Robert Yarde, of "Devonſhire, Eſq." we diſcern the moral and philoſophic ſpirit of his Maſter, the juſt eſtimate of human enjoyments, the well-regulated mind, which balances the misfortunes with the pleaſures of life, and ſagely inculcates the great leſſon of contentment with the lot aſſigned to us. The manner too is eaſy, familiar, and ſpirited: the Scotiſh dialect, in which it is compoſed, gives additional naivete, though we regret, in a few expreſſions, a tincture of vulgarity. In this pleaſing compoſition, which I am inclined to claſs among the beſt of our author's leſſer pieces, we have an amplified commentary, and beautiful illuſtration, of the Horatian text—

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit ——

or, yet more ſtrictly, of the philoſophic paradox of Heſiod, Νηπιοι οὐδ' ἰσασιν ὅσῳ πλεῖον ἡμισυ παντος; which Cowley has ſo beautifully illuſtrated in his eſſay Of Agriculture.

(To be continued.)

FOR

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

BEFORE a perſon attains to the zenith of the character of a Spendthrift, properly ſo called, he muſt, in a great meaſure, have diveſted himſelf of religion, of morality, and of juſtice; and indeed we generally find the prominent features in this character ſtrongly tinged with the reverſe of theſe virtues. Does it not diſcover a want of principle, and a total depravity of heart, to laugh at, and ridicule religion, and its ſacred precepts? Is it not moſt unjuſt to ſpend the money of others, perhaps to the utter ruin of many a poor tradeſman and his family, and that this very money ſhould go towards pampering the luxurious appetites of the profligate, while the tradeſman cannot procure bread to his ſtarving children? Devoid of all ſenſibility, and of all ſhame, muſt be that man, who can trample upon the feelings of his friends,—who can laugh to ſcorn the tender and reiterated advices of his anxious parents, who had looked forward in the hopes of ſeeing him the pride of their years, and the ſupport of their old age;—but whoſe hearts are now, alas! wrung by his follies, whoſe fondeſt expectations are blaſted:—they ſee, with bitterneſs of heart, the dutiful ſon, the affectionate brother, the generous friend, all concentrated in the daſhing coxcomb, the uſeleſs ſpendthrift. Extravagance is a whirpool that ſwallows up every good quality; diſſipation is a magnet that attracts every bad one. To ſhow this ſtill more clearly, let us endeavour to trace the progreſs of the character we are conſidering a little.—'Tis true, we ſee his money circulate freely, and that circulation is an advantage to the community; but conſider the conſequences that attend it, the numerous train of evils that reſult from it. Every farthing he ſpends is to adminiſter to his pleaſures. His *debts of honour* are faithfully diſcharged, his minions are punctually paid; while the juſt creditor is turned from his door with contempt. He perhaps ſells his paternal eſtate, the property of his forefathers for many generations, to ſport upon the turf, to become the friend and companion of Jockies, of Blacklegs, and of Sharpers; who, in return, initiate him in the art of their calling, and inſtruct him in every diabolical plan of impoſition upon his fellow-creatures. See him then become the initiated Gambler, a Blacklegs at play, and a *knowing one* upon the turf; and, ſo long as fortune, with the aſſiſtance of all his black arts, favours him, he is courted and careſſed by other Spendthrifts, who have probably ſprung up ſince he entered upon his career. He labours with all his might. He lays every ſnare to draw them into the ſame abyſs that he himſelf fell into, and unluckily he is but too often ſucceſsful. Thus gangs of ſuch miſcreants are formed, who aſſume all appearances, put on every diſguiſe, introduce themſelves into every ſociety, and prey upon the world. Let us trace this character a little farther, and, detected in ſome of his nefarious practices, we ſhall ſee him deſcend to the next and natural tranſition in his character, and become the ſkilful pickpocket, or more daring highwayman. And thus the public is ſtill laid under contribution, and the honourable gains, and hard-won earnings of his countrymen, are devoted to ſupport his revels and debauchery. Gay has happily delineated the character in *Macheath*. Like him too he will moſt likely be at laſt unmaſked, and will make his exit upon a gibbet; long ere this, however, he will have been diſgraced by his companions. His name will have been branded with infamy, and he will, in the

the emphatic language of ſcripture, have brought the grey hairs of his parents with ſorrow to the grave.

We do by no means, however, wiſh to inſinuate, that ſuch is the termination of moſt diſſipated characters: God forbid.—Many of them ſee their errors and reform. But it cannot be denied, that diſſipation is the inlet to moſt vices, and that by means of it many a valuable member of ſociety has been loſt, and many a worthy family diſgraced. Through it many a one, who might have been qualified to command our fleets and armies, or to thunder in the ſenate, has been utterly loſt to his country.

Two vices, in particular, that commonly reſult from diſſipation, deſerve to be noticed; we mean gambling and ſeduction. The fatal conſequences attendant on the former of theſe are well known. We could multiply inſtances of many, who, reſpectable, and of the moſt promiſing hopes at their outſet in life, have been ſeized with the itch for play; and having gambled away, among ſharpers, every farthing they were poſſeſſed of, or could raiſe, have at laſt, through deſperation, blown their brains out; thus ruſhing into eternity with all their crimes upon their head. Indeed, this is ſuppoſed to be one great cauſe for the many ſuicides that diſgrace this country.

Spendthrifts, too, not only uſe every art to ſeduce, but they glory in the ſeduction. If they ſucceed in deluding a female, by promiſes however ſacred, or by oaths however binding in the eye of God, they boaſt of it to their companions, and expoſe the unfortunate girl to the ſhame and obloquy of the world; and, in nine inſtances out of ten, ſhe ends her life miſerably in a brothel, while her gay ſeducer continues to figure in ſociety as a *man of honour!*

This character has alſo conſiderable influence on the habits and manners of ſociety. It is well known, that many who deſerve it are of ſome rank in the world, and are looked up to by their inferiors, who are commonly dazzled by ſhew and ſplendour, and are unable to reaſon on juſt principles, and that their example has a powerful influence. On this account their ſuperiors are ſurely doubly called upon to ſet a good example. When, on the contrary, they ſee them holding in contempt every principle of honour and propriety, and openly violating what they were taught to conſider as ſacred, the effect upon them is too often baneful.

From his habits of life, the Spendthrift muſt neceſſarily, likewiſe, preclude himſelf from the felicity of relieving the wants of his poorer brethren—of ameliorating the lot of adverſity. In his own extravagance he will find ample ſcope for all his reſources.

We have been induced to make theſe reflections from a thorough conviction of the truth of them, and from a deſire to hold up the character of a ſpendthrift in a proper point of view, and to the contempt and opprobrium we are convinced it juſtly deſerves. *A. W.*

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

LETTER FROM THE LATE SIR JAMES FOULIS, BART. TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

My Lord,

THE favour of your Lordſhip's epiſtle came to my hands only yeſterday, but where your reſidence might be, in the ſouth or the north, I have not known for a long time. I have not been in the town for three months, and the longer I ſtay from it, the more unwilling I am to reviſit it. One half of every day has been for

for ſome weeks paſt, ſpent by me in learning Hebrew, a language that has neither beauty nor uſe. But I have nothing elſe to do, and I cannot be idle. The conſequence of this ſtudy has produced a little diſſertation, to confirm, by what I think demonſtrative proofs, that our great progenitor Adam never ſpoke that language. I have alſo written almoſt another ſheet, endeavouring to prove that the orations handed to us by ancient authors, were the real diſcourſes ſpoken by the perſons ſaid to have uttered them. I ſent it to the rhetorical Dr Blair, who approved the ingenuity of my writing, but denied the fact it aſſerted. His verdict was juſt what I had expected; for he had once publiſhed the contrary opinion; and for an author to acknowledge that he was in a miſtake, is a degree of candour ſcarcely to be expected from any mortal. Both theſe diſcourſes ſhall be laid before your Lordſhip, quand je les aurais mis au net, and may be communicated to the Society of Antiquaries juſt as you pleaſe.

I condole with Lady Buchan on the late misfortune, but it was what I had long expected. I would be glad to know which brother is next in ſucceſſion. Adam Cunningham of Bonington has alſo breathed his laſt in Switzerland. I will be glad of trying your Patagonian cucumber, though, by your account, it will be of very little uſe; as 20 pound weight will go a prodigious length in pies, ſo that a few cucumbers will be ſufficient in a family. I have got ſome hiccary walnuts, which I fancy will be acceptable to your Lordſhip, being a fine towering tree, and a faſt grower; but the walnuts ſhould be planted in the ſpot where they are intended to be let grow up, as they do not well with tranſplanting. I ſhould be glad to ſee the Dryburgh Religieux at Colinton. An accident has given me an opportunity of improving ſome of my principal ſpots, and I have been ſo lucky as to ſell more ſtones than will pay the ſmall expence it coſts. In particular, I have added to the Counteſs the only beauty of which I think it ſuſceptible.

Such hardy plants ſhall there be ſeen,
Still cloth'd with ever vig'rous green,
That ſcorns the rage of wintry ſkies,
As Virtue time and change deſies.

Though I am now writing at midday, the weather has grown ſo cloudy, that I have ſcarcely light enough to let me ſee to ſubſcribe myſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
moſt humble Servant,
ames Foulis.

Colinton, *Nov.* 4th, 1789.

I have purchaſed as much as makes up a vote for me, and at a very cheap rate, if any rate can be called cheap, to a man who is reſolved never to make uſe of it.

ORIGINAL SEAL OF CAUSE, BY THE MAGISTRATES AND COUNCIL OF EDINBURGH, IN FAVOUR OF THE SURGEONS AND BARBERS OF EDINBURGH.

July 1. 1505.

TO all and ſundrie, to quhais knawlege their preſent letteris ſhall come, the Provoſt, Baillies, and Counſell of the burgh of Edinburgh, greeting, in God everleſting, witt youre univerſities, that the day of the dait of thir preſents, compearit before us, ſitting in judgment in the tolbooth of the ſaid burgh, the kirkmaſter and brethir of the ſurregians and barbours within the ſamen, and preſented to us their bill and ſupplicatione, deſiring us for the loving of God, honour of our Sovereign Lord, and all his leidges, and for worſhip and policy of the burgh, and for the good rule and order to be had and made amangeſt

mangeſt the ſaid crafts in tyme to come, that wee would grant and conſent to them the privileges, rules, and ſtatutes contained in their ſaid bill and ſupplicatione, quhilk after follows: To you, my Lords, Provoſt, Bailies, and worthie Counſell of this Good Toun, right humbly means and ſhawes your dailie ſervitors, the kirkmaſter and bretherin of furregians and barbours within this burgh. Thtt whereas we believe it is well knawn till all your wiſdomes, how that we uphald ane alter, ſituat within your college kirk of St Geil, in the honour of God, and St Mungo our patron, and had na importance till uphald the ſamen, but our ſober ouklie pennie and upſets, quhilk are ſmall in effect to ſuſtain and uphald our ſaid alter, in all neceſſair things convenient thereto. And becauſe wee are, and ever was, of good minde till do this Good Toun all the ſteade, pleaſour, and ſervice, that we can, or may, baith in walking, wairding, and ſtenting, and bearing of all other portable charges within this burgh, at all tymes, as other neighbouris and crafts doe, within the ſamen, wee deſyre of your Lordſhips and wiſdomes till geiff and grant till us and our ſucceſſours thir rules, ſtatutes, and privileges underwritten, quhilk are conſonant to reaſon, honour to our Sovereign Lord and all his leidges, profit and loveable to this Good Toun. In the *firſt* place, That wee might have yearly choſen amangſt us ane kirkmaſter, and other maſters, to quham the haill bretherin of the crafts foreſaid ſhall obey for that year. *Item*, That nae manner of perſonnes occupy nor uſe any poynts of our ſaid crafts of chirurgerie, or barbour craft, within this burgh, but gif he bee firſt freeman and burges of the ſamen, and that he be worthy and expert in all the poyntes belangand to the ſaid crafts, diligently and throughlie examined and admitted be the maſter of the ſaid craft, for the honourable ſerving of our Sovereign Lords, leidges, and neighbours of this burgh. And alſo, that every man that is to be made freeman and maſter amangſt us, be examined and proved in the poyntes following: That is to ſay, that he knaw anatomia, nature and complexions of every member of the humans body; and likewayes, that he knaw all the vaines of the ſamen, that he may make phlibothmia in due tyme: And alſe, that he knaw in quhilk membir the ſigne has dominatione for the tyme; for every man aught to knaw the nature and ſubſtance of every thing that he works in, or elſe he is negligent: And that we may have, ance in the year, a condemned man, after he be dead, to make anatomia of, quhairthrow wee may have experience ilk ane to inſtruck others, and we ſhall doe ſuffrage for the ſaule: And that na barbour, maſter, nor ſervant within this burgh, haunt, uſe, nor exerce this craft of ſurreigiarie, without he be expert, and knaw perfittlie the things above writin. And what perſonne that ſhall happen to be admitted freeman or maſter to the ſaids crafts, or occupies any poynte of the ſamen, ſhall pay at his entrie, for his upſet, fyve pounds uſual money of Scotland, for reparations and uphalding of our ſaid alter of St Mungo, for divine ſervice to be done thereat, with ane dynar to the maſters of the ſaid crafts at his admiſſion and entrie amangſt us. Exceptand that every freeman maſter of the ſaid crafts, ane of his lawfull gotten ſonnes to be free of onie money paying except the dynar to be made to the maſters after he be examined and admitted by them, as ſaid is. *Item*, That na maſter of the ſaids crafts ſhall take an apprentice or ſervant man in tyme coming till uſe the furregiane craft, without he can baith read and wryte. And the ſaid maſter of ony of the ſaid crafts that takes ane apprentice, ſhall pay, at his entrie,

entrie, to the reparation of the ſaid alter, twentie ſhillinges. And that nae maſter of the ſaid craft reſett nor receave any other maſter's prentice or ſervant, while the iſſue of his terms be run. And quha that does in the contrair thereof, alſe oft as he faills ſhall pay twentie ſhillinges to the reparations of the ſaid alter, but favour. *Item*, Every maſter that is receaved freeman to the ſaid crafts, ſhall pay his ouklie pennie with the priſt's meil, as he ſhall happen to come about: And every ſervant that is ſervant man to the maſter of the ſaid crafts, ſhall pay ilk ouke ane halfpennie to the ſaid alter, and reparations thereof: And that we have power to choiſe ane chaplain till doe divine ſervice daylie at our ſaid alter at all times when the ſame ſhall vayk: And till choiſe ane officiar to paſs with us for the ingathering of our quarter payments and ouklie pennies, and to paſs with before us on *Corpus Chriſti* day, and the occaſion thereof, and all other generalle proceſſions and gatherings, ſicklike as other crafts have within this burgh; And that ane of the maſters of the foreſaid crafts, with the chaplain and officiar of the ſamen, paſs at all tymes needfull to lift and raiſe the ſaids quarter payments frae every perſon that awe the ſamen: And gif ony perſon diſobey, that we may poynde and diſtrinzie therefor at all tymes, having an officiar of the toun alangſt with us. *Item*, That nae maſter or freeman of the ſaid crafts, purchaſe ony lordſhipes, in contrair the ſtatutes and rules above wrytin, in hindering or ſkaithing of the crafts foreſaid, or the common weill therof, under the pain of tinſell of their freedomes. *Item*, That all the maſters, freemen, and bretherin of the ſaid crafts, readilie obey and come to their kirkmaſter at all tymes, when ever they ſhall be required therto by the ſaid officiar, for till hear quarter accounts, or till aviſe for any thing concerning the common weill of the ſaid crafts: And quha that diſobeys, ſhall pay twentie ſhillinges to the reparations of the ſaid alter: And that noe perſones may not hereafter, within this burgh, make nor ſell any aquavitie within the ſamen, except the ſaid maſters, bretherin, and freemen of the ſaid crafts, under the pain of eſcheat of the ſamen, but favour. Beſiking therefore your Lordſhipes and Wiſdomes, at the reverence of God, that you will aviſe with this our ſimple deſyres, ſtatutes, rules, and priviledges above wrytin, and grant us the ſame ratified and approved by you under your common ſeale of cauſe, and, with the Grace of God, wee ſhall doe ſick ſervice and pleaſour till the Kinge's Grace and the Good Toun, that ye ſhall be content thereof: And your delyverance herein till humblie beſeech. The whilk bill of ſupplicatione, with the rules, ſtatuts, and priviledges containd thereintill, beiand read before us in judgement ſitting, and wee therwith beiand ripelie and diſtinctlie aviſed, thinks the ſame conſonante to reaſone, and noe hurt to our Sovereign Lord's Highneſs, us, nor none other his leidges thereintill. And therfor wee conſent and grants the ſamen to the forſaid crafts of Surregiarie and Barboure, and to their ſucceſſors. And in ſua far as we may, or has power, confirms, ratifies, and approves the ſaids ſtatuts, rules, and priviledges, in all poyntes and articles containd in the ſaid ſupplicatione above wrytin. And this to all and ſundrie quham it effeirs, or may effeir, wee make it known by thir our letters: And for the more verification and ſtrength of the ſamen, wee have herto hingand our common ſeale of cauſe. Att Edinburgh, the 1ſt day of Jully, the year of God, 1505.

[This ſeal of cauſe was confirmed and ratified by charter of James IV. 13th October 1506; by James VI. 6th

6th June 1613; by Parliament, 17th November 1641; by Charles II. 22d August 1670, and by repeated acts of the Town Council.]

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR WALTER MINTO.

By the Earl of Buchan.

WALTER MINTO was born in the parish of West Gordon, Berwickshire, on the third day of December 1753. His parents were in the humble walk of a country life, but reputable in their neighbourhood; possessed of the greatest of all blessings, industry, contentment, and that hope, that Christian hope, which enables the poor and the unfortunate to face the storms, to bear the disappointments, and to resist the temptations of a troublesome world. The first rudiments of his education he received in his parochial school; from thence he removed to Jedburgh, and finally to the college of Edinburgh, where he is believed to have meditated the profession of a preacher of the gospel among the associate Seceders from the established Kirk of Scotland, with whose opinions, concerning religious liberty and church government, his sentiments were and continued to be congenial. But the genius of Minto was too strongly inclined towards mathematical learning, to admit of his chusing any profession that should preclude him from dedicating a great part of his time to his favourite study in the mathematics; and he therefore accepted the proposal made to him to superintend the studies of two young gentlemen, the sons of Governor Johnstone, and to accompany them on their travels abroad. In this situation he acquitted himself with fidelity and success, but from a change of circumstances relating to his pupils, he was obliged to leave them, and in sailing from Lisbon, was taken by a Spanish privateer in the Streights of Gibraltar, after which, being liberated, he sailed to the port of Leghorn, and having resided some time at Pisa, contracted an intimate acquaintance with the eminent professor Slop de Cadenberg of that university, which was followed by a literary and scientific correspondence between them, which continued, I believe, during the whole course of his life.

With the learned Bernosilli the younger, of Berlin, and other eminent mathematicians and astronomers abroad, he obtained useful and honourable notice and correspondence; and when he returned to Britain he continued to make them acquainted with the progress of his studies.

It was at Edinburgh, in the year 1782, that I became first acquainted with Mr Minto, and it was in a manner somewhat singular, at what was then called the Orange Club, to which I had gone in a way extremely accidental, and little thinking to discover, through the fumes of punch, and amidst the roar of political conversation, a man of the cast and genius of Minto. I was struck with the precision and accuracy of his understanding, and with the amiable simplicity of his manners; and enquiring where he lived, I went some days afterward to his apartment in Nicholson Street, where I found him in a room not much larger than the tub of Diogenes, smoking a segar, and reading the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton.

I entered into conversation with him on various subjects, on all of which I found him ripe and profound, they being such as had occupied his continued attention from his earliest years. I visited him often, and invited

vited him to my houſe, where he often did me the honour to reſide, and to aſſiſt me in my purſuits. It was at this time I had moved my reſpectable relation, Lord Hailes, to promote the publication of a Biographia Scotica, by exciting his learned countrymen to co-operate with him, by chuſing favourite ſubjects for this undertaking, in ſuch a manner as that each article ſhould be written with full poſſeſſion of proper materials, with deligence, accuracy, and a love of the ſubject committed to the care of the writer. Struck with the pointed and beautiful compliment paid by Hume to the inventor of the logarithms, I had raſhly choſen this as the ſubject of my contribution, and finding myſelf unable to execute the mathematical diſquiſition connected with this undertaking with ſufficient ability, I invited Mr Minto to co-operate with me, in raiſing this ſcientific monument to the memory of our illuſtrious countryman. This taſk he performed, notwithſtanding many difficulties, in a manner greatly ſatisfactory to me, and uſefully to the learned world, in reſpect, that in that work it is, I believe, ſucceſsfully ſhewn how the original diſcovery of the logarithms lay in the mind of Napier, and how his merit is ſecure from the pretenſions of others, as the great pioneer to the immortal Newton. It was during the ſpring and ſummer of the year 1785, that I enjoyed moſt of the literary ſociety of the excellent Minto; and it was during this time that we employed ourſelves in exploring the grand diſcovery of Napier. I drew a ſketch of the propoſed undertaking, and conſulting moſt of the books that preceded the period of Napier's publication, whereof there is a catalogue prefixed to our joint work, I addreſſed myſelf to the moſt eminent of my ſcientific correſpondents, both at home and abroad, informing them of what we meant to attempt for the glory of our countrymen, and inviting them to advance their objections againſt the arguments we intended to uſe, for proving the ſcientific, and not accidental, diſcovery of the logarithmic canons to belong excluſively to the Laird of Merchiſton.

It is inconſiſtent with the brevity required in this ſketch, to lay before the public the extenſive range of enquiry and correſpondence that preceded the preparation of this work for the eye of the learned; and conſidering the high merit of Montucla, Taylor, and Hutton, in the ſame purſuit, it will require the judgment of a very candid critic, to aſcertain what particular praiſe may be juſtly beſtowed on our inveſtigation.

That which more particularly belongs to me is, the plan of proof that Napier aſcended the ladder of the logarithmic ſcaffold by the ſteps of pure mathematical diſquiſition, and was not indebted to accident for his noble diſcovery.

Towards the cloſe of the year 1785, I went to London, for the purpoſe of converſing with Horſeley, Hutton, and other eminent mathematicians; and to ſhew them our MS.; and from thence I went to Oxford, at Chriſtmas, to look into the Savilian papers for letters of Napier to Briggs, but without ſucceſs.

From Dr Horſeley, now Biſhop of Rocheſter, and from Dr Hutton, I received great civility, and a very perfect confirmation of my opinion concerning the main ſcope of my undertaking; and on my return to London, I procured from the Britiſh Muſeum copies of ſuch papers as I thought moſt conducive to the elucidation of the Rhabdologia, but I was unſucceſsful in finding any of Napiers letters to his learned correſpondent, previous to the publication of his book.

At the Angel Inn, Oxford, on the 24th of December, an end had been nearly put to my inveſtigations

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in this world, for the window of my apartment having been careleſsly left open during the night of an uncommonly ſevere froſt, it ſnowed upon me in bed, and waking in great pain, I found my face covered with a cruſt of frozen ſnow; I had recollection enough to go and rub with ſnow till the cataſtrophe was averted; and next day I went in ſafety to examine the Marlborough papers, in the hands of Counteſs Talbot, at Barrington Park, in Glouceſterſhire. This lady, daughter of Adam de Cardonnel, ſecretary to the famous Duke of Marlborough, told me, that ſhe had heard Queen Caroline ſometimes ſigh when ſhe mentioned the name of the Duke of Gordon, who courted her when ſhe was princeſs of Anſpach. The infidelities of George the Second, and an heart tuned to love and ſentiment, made her think of Fochabers, when ſhe could not think of Kenſington or St James's with confidence in the attachment of her huſband.

When I returned to Scotland, I printed Minto's book on Napier, at Perth; Dr Playfair, now Principal of the united college of St Andrews, and the Rev. Mr Scott of Perth, moſt kindly ſuperintending the progreſs of the work at the preſs.

My friend Minto having now laid a foundation of literary honour to himſelf in Europe, I ſent him to the United States of America, becauſe I ſaw no ſituation to which he could be more beneficial to mankind, than by laying a foundation of mathematical ſcience and of virtuous ſentiment in the land of Columbus and Waſhington.

After having announced him by many letters to my friends in the United States of America, I propoſed him for principal and profeſſor in the college of Princetown, New Jerſey State; and on the 21ſt of May 1786, my learned friend came to bid me adieu, at Kirkhill, on his route to Greenock, there to embark for Philadelphia.

On the 22d, at five in the afternoon, I ſent him to Livingſtone, with a ſervant to put him on his way to Glaſgow and Greenock. Lady Buchan ſaid to him at parting, "Minto, if your heart fails you, and you leave a land of liberty to return to Britain, we will wait you on the ſhore, and ſhoot you before you touch it." On the 1ſt of June he wrote to me from Glaſgow. "The day after I left Kirkhill, (which I kept in view as long as the hedges and road would permit,) I arrived in Glaſgow: I found profeſſor Robiſon there, who gave me a very handſome letter to Dr Logan. An old ſchool-fellow introduced me to the Wilſons *. The old man ſeems to be going the way of all living. Patrick ſeems to be an excellent philoſopher, and is one of the friendlieſt men I have met with: he put into my hands a letter for Franklin, and one for Dr Ewing, preſident of Philadelphia college: they are conceived in terms of great warmth, and more to my honour than I deſerve. I ſail in the Alexander. I have viſited Loch Lomond, that I might take the laſt look of Scotland in love with her beauties. Adieu. If my wiſhes, and the will of Providence coincide, the friendly inhabitants of Kirkhill will never have cauſe to heave a ſigh unmixed with the ſublimity of virtuous ſentiment!"

Not long after his arrival in America, he was appointed principal and profeſſor of Princetown univerſity, with a ſalary of 300l. currency, but he ſoon reſigned the chair of Principal, preferring (with the ſame appointments) that of mathematical profeſſor, for which he deemed himſelf moſt peculiarly qualified, and in which he expected to be moſt uſeful to ſociety and to his adopted country.

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* Father and Sons, eminent profeſſors and type-founders at Glaſgow.

In ſeveral letters I received from Bernoulli of Berlin, I find Minto mentioned with honour. Slop de Cadenberg of Piſa continued to ſend him his publications, and wherever he was known he was eſteemed.

I correſponded with Mr Maſkelyne on the ſubject of his theory of the new planet *Herſchel* communicated to the Royal Society, together with other tracts, but theſe had been unluckily ſuperſeded by others in England.

My zeal for the reputation of Minto continued undiminiſhed to the end of his days, and ſtill continues. Why ſhould I ever ceaſe to adorn, if I could, the ſons of ſcience, and the children of the little rugged country that gave me birth, whether it knows its friends or knows them not? In other reſpects, I am of no country. My ſoul is not ſubject to the law of gravitation, nor can the time be far diſtant, when the planet itſelf ſhall be to me as a teleſcope ſtar, nay leſs, and perceptible only through the medium of *mind!*

Minto, after being fully eſtabliſhed in his profeſſion, married a worthy woman in the neighbourhood of Princetown, whoſe name, I believe, was Chriſtie, and who made him happy, but they had no children. His children were his works, and I hope they may preſerve his name.

About the month of September 1795, Dr Minto was ſeized with a violent ſpaſm in his ſtomach, and his life was then for ſome time deſpaired of; and though he recovered from the ſeverity of the pain, yet he never enjoyed perfect health thereafter. About the month of Auguſt 1796 he was at New York on a viſit, and ſeemed much improved by his journey; but he ſaid to a relation of his wife's, in that city, that he knew his death was approaching, and that his caſe was paralytic. Previous to the tedious illneſs of Minto he had purchaſed a farm in the neighbourhood of Princetown, and was at great expence in putting it in proper order, ſo that after his death, it was neceſſarily ſold at conſiderable loſs.

Dr Minto died at Prince-town, on Friday the 21ſt day of October 1796, and was buried with a reſpectable attendance of his colleagues and friends; leaving behind him the reputation of a ſincere chriſtian, an affectionate and dutiful relation, and a truly learned man. Had fame been his darling object, few were poſſeſſed of better talents for acquiring it: but he was too ſenſible of its little comparative value, and ſhort duration, to be at much trouble in acquiring or ſupporting it; and he pitied thoſe who ſacrificed what was more valuable at the ſhrine of this illuſive phantom. He thought, perhaps, with the poet:

" La Fama ch'invaghiſce a un dolce ſuono
Gli ſuperbi mortali e par ſi bella,
E un ecco, un ſogno anzi d'un ſogno un ombra
Ch'ad ogni vento ſi dilegua e ſgombra!"

Of the literary works he has written, or publiſhed, his demonſtration of the path of the new Planet, his reſearches into the theory of the planets in general, and the mathematical part of the inveſtigation of the diſcovery of the logarithms by Napier, compoſed in concert with me, will ſufficiently recommend him to the grateful remembrance of poſterity, and his being as it were the Adam, or Noah, of mathematical inſtruction in the United States, on the principles of Newton and de La Caille, will embalm his reputation for a future world, beyond the Atlantic wave. The degree he had of Doctor of Laws was granted to me by the Univerſity of King James the fourth at Aberdeen, tranſmitted by my eminent and excellent friend Profeſſor Ogilvie of that College, and preſented to Mr Minto by Lady Buchan, without any ſolicitations, and even without the previous knowledge of the worthy Minto.

Written

Written at Edinburgh, on the 22d and 29th of March 1801, amidſt a whirl of gaiety and innocent amuſement, that I might ſhew how ſtrong the impreſſion is that is made by virtue and by ſcience, when directed towards the benefit of ſociety.

LETTER FROM MISS SEWARD TO EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ. ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

SIR, *Litchfield, June* 23, 1800.

YOUR introductory Eſſay * to thoſe extracts from the Biſhop of Meaux, with which you have recently favoured the public, is beautiful compoſition, and contains ſome uſeful admonition to our Clergy. I am, however, inclined to believe, that it complains of a remedileſs habit of ſtyle in our pulpit oratory; that its ſo much quieter nature than that of the French Prelate, from whom you give ſpecimens of fervent example, is too deeply laid in the calmer doctrines of our Reformed Church, in national character, and national taſte, and in the leſs ſecluded lives of our prieſts, to make it elegible for them to adopt the perſonal appeals, the familiar pathos, the vehement exhortations, and the fulminating threats, of the Roman-Catholic pulpit.

That our Liturgy is more glowing than are the generality of the ſermons which ſucceed it, I confeſs; but recollect that, prayer is, in its nature, more fervent than admonition. The aſcetic lives of the Papal clergy, in that period, threw a ſacredneſs around them, which diſpoſed their congregation to liſten more reverently to their exhortations, more ſubmiſſively to their Philippics.

But when we ſee that man in the pulpit, whom we are accuſtomed to meet at the feſtal board, at the card-table, perhaps ſeen join in the dance, and over whoſe frailties, in common with our own, no holy curtain has been drawn, we expect *modeſt* exhortations, *ſober* reaſoning, *chaſtiſed* denunciation. I have uniformly ſeen the audience more diſguſted than touched and alarmed by that bolder ſtyle which you wiſh to ſee prevail; eſpecially where the preacher was *young*, and not inveſted with the enſigns of elevated office.

It ſhould be conſidered alſo, that Superſtition is always more violent than rational Faith; Popery than Proteſtaniſm; the fancied inſpiration of our Methodiſts, Quakers, and other ſectaries, than the doctrines of the Eſtabliſhed Church. Popery had to ſtimulate the reſolution to immenſe and unnatural ſacrifices; of the connubial propenſities; of attachments, filial, fraternal, and ſocial; and ſhe knew that *reaſonable* Chriſtianity had not competent powers; that, to combat the lightſome paſſions, it was neceſſary to call in the aid of the darker. So alſo the modern Calviniſt ſchool, which inculcates the *principles* of Methodiſm, without confeſſing its name.

The laws of England do not allow monaſtic ſecluſion, with its ſevere corporal penances. Our *eſſential* Methodiſts invent monaſteries for the *mind*, with all their diſmal train of needleſs renunciations, of that uſeful moral ſchool, the ſtage, the public concert-room, and the dance; with thoſe rigid and gloomy tenets, which are utterly inconſiſtent with the juſtice of the Deity, and founded only on a few texts of St Paul, who owns that he is not certain that he *always* ſpeaks with an inſpired ſpirit.

It has been juſtly obſerved, in a late admirable religious tract, in which Chriſ-

* Prefixed to the firſt edition of Mr Jerningham's ſelect Sermons, tranſlated from the French of the Biſhop of Meaux. *Editor.*

Chriſtianity appears with all the mild and amiable ſpirit of its *divine Founder*, that French liberty, and the violence of monarchial zeal in England, modern Philoſophy, and modern Calviniſm, place our freedom, our religion, and our morals, on a narrow and waſting iſthmus, between Anarchy and Deſpotiſm, between Infidelity and Bigotry.

Thoſe preachers and writers who would force us into the latter extreme, are obliged to agitate themſelves, and they ſtrive to agitate their congregation, and their readers, by the ebullition of enthuſiaſm; and to rely ſolely on the influence of the *Terrible Graces*. It is expected, that the eloquence of the reformed and Eſtabliſhed Church ſhould, like the ſpirit and maxims of the *Saviour* whom it preaches, be mild and placid; ſhould remind us that he has aſſerted, "his yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light;" that it ſhould allure, rather than aſtoniſh, perſuade rather than appal; that it ſhould be like the ſerene ſummer evening, in which the ſoul aſpires and rejoices in the influence of pious and humble hope, and in the contemplation of boundleſs *mercy;* that it ſhould leave to Superſtition, her lightnings and her tempeſts; to ſay to *Fear*, Be *thou* my chief ally,

"And men ſhall know thee by the throbbing heart,
When thy dark power inſpires each mourful line;
Since tho' ſoft Pity claim her mingled part,
All, all the thunders of the ſcene are thine."

I am jealous for the religious honour of the late century and for England, when I hear you pronouncing the ſtate of Chriſtian oratory at the commencement of the fourth *regal*, and in that of the eighteenth, méagre and impoveriſhed. Unacquainted with thoſe early polemic compoſitions, I am yet unwilling to think our treaſures, in that line of writing, leſs precious, tho' they may be leſs voluminous.

Can thoſe nominal ſaints of the *olden* time, with the later prelates of Rome's ſuperſtitious and juggling church, boaſt more energetic and luminous eloquence than the pages of Warburton, Lowth, Newton, Watſon, Horſley, Beattie, Paley, Jenyns, and our young ſacerdotal Marcellus, Robert Fellows, whoſe recent and admirable polemic compoſitions are not born to die?

Then, in ſermonic literature, what can be more animated, more irradiating to ſceptic ſcruple, than the ſermons of Sherlock? J. Seed's glow with the fire of genius, and the earneſt oratory of ſelf-conviction. Sterne's are dramatic, touching, pathetic. Ogden's, ſolemn, ſtartling, impreſſive, demonſtrative. Blair's are exquiſite, and, on the whole perhaps, *unrivalled:* Imagination twines her richeſt, yet chaſteſt flowers round the adamantine chains of his reaſoning. Uniting piety and morality, his diſcourſes avoid the perplexing themes of myſticiſm, whoſe repoſe is the beſt intereſt of Chriſtianity, whoſe ſacred veil it is at once uſeleſs, raſh, and preſumptuous, to put aſide.

I am no great reader of polemic tracts, or of ſermons; thoſe which I have mentioned are the chief compoſitions of that ſpecies by which my attention has been engaged. Doubtleſs there are many others equally able and rich, as is the oratic cream which you have ſkimmed for us from the Biſhop of Meaux; I ſhould not fear being empowered, to produce extracts from the ſermons I have inſtanced, that would contain eloquence vivid and impreſſive, as animates thoſe which you have given from the French prelate.

Permit me alſo to obſerve, that I have not unfrequently witneſſed in the rapt attention, the ſtarting, and ſometimes the ſtreaming tears of an Engliſh congregation, triumphs of our

own

own pulpit oratory, decided as thoſe recorded in your book by the vanity of Gregory Nazianzen. Such boaſtful egotiſm, however founded in truth, would in any Britiſh preacher extremely diſguſt his auditors.

The paſſage in your volume which begins on the 7th page of Boſſuet's firſt ſermon, and extends to its cloſe on the 9th, is very noble. The quotation it gives from St Auſtin ſo forcibly reminds me of a paſſage in Young's Night Thoughts, as to induce me to think it beyond the probability of coincident ideas, and that it muſt have been taken from St Auſtin, where he ſays, "Time is a feeble imitation of eternity, and it endeavours to ſupply the want of conſiſtency by ſucceſſion. When one day is paſt, another ſucceeds to it, ſo exactly ſimilar, that we do not regret what we have loſt. Thus time deludes, and conceals from us its rapidity; a long reach of its courſe will, however, diſcover the deception. The advancing infirmities of age bear teſtimony, that our great portion of our exiſtence is already ingulphed in his rapid ſtream."

Dr Young aſks,

"Is it, that Time ſteals on with foot ſo ſoft
To wake indulgence from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like yeſterday, it cheats,
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, like the ſwift paſſing brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice;
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke;
We think the brook the ſame, the ſame we think
Our life, tho' much more rapid in its flow,
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd
And mingled with the ſea."

You ſee the poet has dilated the thought, and, by that dilation, has added greatly to its perſpicuity, with but loſing one atom of its force. This is the eternal difference between poets and verſifiers, when they take the idea of former writers. With the firſt, expanſion is increaſed diſtinctneſs, increaſed beauty, increaſed ſtrength; with the latter, as the words accumulate, the thought enfeebles.

Your extract from the fourth ſermon of Boſſuet forms a ſpirited Philippic againſt tardineſs in alms-giving amongſt the great and the wealthy. So does that from the fifth, againſt the careleſs liver, and the impenitent ſinner; but I much diſlike the extract from the ſixth. The expreſſions ſtrike me as highly irreverent, and like the worſt rant of Methodiſm: inſtance, "The *Meſſiah* is become the goat of abomination;" and, "O Jeſus, I dare no longer pronounce you innocent," in alluſion to his having taken upon him the ſins of mankind, but it appears to me ſhockingly daring language. The *paſſion* and *expiatory ſacrifice* are not themes on which it becomes the preacher to be luxuriant, and to deck them with the tropes, and figures, and allegories of rhetoric.

Surely the opening of the ſeventh is too exclamatory, but all is good after the interjections ceaſe; and the ſentence, commencing on the 66th page, grandly arreſts the attention. We find all which you have cited from the eighth diſcourſe, ſweet and pathetic; and the ſermon on the Crucifixion, the triumph of Chriſtianity over the ſinful paſſions, and the dark idolatries they had produced, is ſtrikingly diſplayed. The antitheſis in the cloſe of the paſſage, p. 77. has oratoric effect; yet much much leſs forcible and ſublime, than the concluſion of one of Biſhop Sherlock's ſermons, on a comparative view of Mahometaniſm and Chriſtianity; thus:

"Go to your *Natural Religion*: "place before her Mahomet and his "diſciples,

" diſciples, arrayed in armour and in " blood, riding in triumph over the " ſpoils of thouſands, and tens of " thouſands, who fell by his victori " ous ſword. Show her the cities " which he ſet in flames; the coun- " tries which he ravaged and deſtroy- " ed, with the miſerable diſtreſs of " their inhabitants. When ſhe has " viewed him in this ſcene, carry her " into his retirements; ſhew her the " prophet's chamber, his concubines, " and his wives; let her ſee his adul- " teries, and hear him alledge Reve- " lation and a divine commiſſion to " ſanctify his luſt and his oppreſſion. " When ſhe is tired with this proſ- " pect, ſhew her the bleſſed JESUS, " humble and meek, doing good to " all the ſons of men; patiently in- " ſtructing the ignorant and the per- " verſe! Let her ſee him in his moſt " retired privacies; let her follow " him to the *Mount*, and hear his " devout ſupplications to God! Car- " ry her to his table, to ſee his poor " fare, and to hear his heavenly diſ- " courſe! Let her ſee him injured, " but not provoked! Let her attend " him to the tribunal, and contem- " plate the patience with which he " endured the ſcoffs and reproaches " of his enemies! Lead her to his " *Croſs*; let her view him in the a- " gonies of death, and hear his laſt " prayer for his perſecutors: " Fa- " ther, forgive them, for they know " not what they do!" When *Natural* " *Religion* has viewed them both, " aſk her which was the *Prophet of* " *God*. But her anſwer we have al- " ready had, when ſhe ſaw a part of " this ſcene through the eyes of the " centurion, who attended JESUS " at the Croſs. By him, ſhe ſpake " and ſaid, *Truly this man was the* " *Son of God*."

To return to the Biſhop of Meaux. By Madame de la Valliere's aſſumption of the veil, in the pride of her youth and beauty, and yet in poſſeſſion of the heart of the firſt monarch in Europe, a much wider field of oratory was opened than we find the prelate diſplaying on his theme. There is neither the fire nor the pathos which might have been expected.

All the paſſions in theſe ſelections which addreſs the triumphant idol of the French people, their fourteenth Louis, pleaſe me extremely. There is a difference, much to the credit of Boſſuet, between thoſe paſſages and the ſervile and boundleſs adulation of the addreſſes, the ſermons, and homilies of the Engliſh to their monarchs, during many generations. The French prelate praiſes his king *modeſtly*; yet piouſly dares to warn and admoniſh him againſt the pernicious adulation of his miniſters and courtiers, and againſt the blandiſhments and the vehemence of his own paſſions.

Mortal man never did, never can, poſſeſs that ſhadeleſs perfection with which flattery on every hand, and moſt of all, where it is leaſt excuſable, clerical flattery, has, in this country, *ever* been ready injuriouſly to gratify their monarchs of *every* character. It is the unhappy lot of princes, that the voice of truth and admonition, of which all human creatures ſtand in need, reaches not their ear. From courtiers it is not to be expected; but it is the duty of the clergy to be their monitors, not their flatterers. The French biſhop knew that duty, and worthily practiſed it *.

Will you allow me to proteſt againſt what ſeems to me injuſtice to the harmonic talents of this nation; yes, the *higheſt* injuſtice? It is where you obſerve in your eſſay, " that none of our muſical dramas diſcover any original merit; that our muſical compoſers,

* Inſtance of the contemptible adulation addreſſed to monarchs. The learned and ingenious Sylveſter, whoſe poetry is ſaid to contain the *prima ſtamina* of the Paradiſe Loſt, and who was no leſs celebrated for his *virtues* than for his *talents*, thus

compoſers, both vocal and inſtrumental, are cold, uninventive compilers, and that all excellence in harmonic compoſition is repugnant to Engliſh genius."

That will ſurely never be ſaid by thoſe who have delivered up their *attention* to Arne's beautiful Comus and Artaxerxes; to the Chaplet, and Shepherd's Lottery of Boyce, and to his exquiſite Solomon. To Smith's operas of The Faries, and The Tempeſt, rich in melliſluent ſtrains. And, O, recollect Purcell's grand dramatic ballads! Mad Beſs, and From Roſy Bowers; and his muſic for Shakſpeare's Tempeſt! If it conſtitutes muſical genius to ſpeak the language of the paſſions in dulcet melody and correct harmony, the above mentioned compoſers vindicate the claims of England in that ſcience. Nor leſs are Arne and Boyce diſtinguiſhed as inſtrumental compoſers; in overture, in concerto, in ſymphony, and in ſonata. While our Aviſon, a pupil of Geminiani's, is allowed to have excelled his maſter in invention, and equalled him in ſcience.

In *this* day, if the Italians excel us in vocal opera muſic, every other European nation falls immeaſurably below us in that line. In the ſerious glee, for the energy and dignity of counterpoint; the artful, intricate, and volant fugue; and for the melody which prevails amidſt thoſe harmonic combinations, we may challenge all Europe; even the celebrated Syren-ſhores of Song. Yes, impartial judgment will *here* decree us unrivalled, recollecting the ſweet Morley of ancient days, the glees of Webbe, Lord Mornington, of Hayes, of Stevens, Smith, Danby, and Calcot, &c. &c.

Then our compoſers of ſacred muſic have only been excelled by the matchleſs Handel. The renowned Stubat Mater, of Perzoleza, with that of Haſſe, D'Aſtorga, &c. have dulcet airs; *ſome* of which are ſufficiently ſerious; yet it muſt be confeſſed, that *others* are much too light for their theme; nor can any of them vie in ſolemn dignity, or excel in pathetic ſweetneſs, or in triumphant grandeur, the ſacred airs and choruſes of our own Bird, in Queen Elizabeth's time. His *Non Nobis* is allowed to be the nobleſt canon in the world. Neither may they vie with the choral ſtrains of Blow, and his yet greater pupil, Purcell, in the next century; or with thoſe of Croft, Boyce, and Green, in recent days. Surely it was theirs, and it is yet for our modern gleeiſts,

" To glow with inbred fire,
" And ſcorn the aid of *borrow'd* light."

Very many years have I ſtudied muſic aſſeduouſly, and lived from childhood in the habit of liſtening to the beſt choir-muſic in the kingdom. From feeling, from reflection, and from experience, do I ſpeak, concerning the powers of harmonic compoſition in my native land. I have obſerved alſo a cloying ſameneſs of air and cadence, and great defect of melody in the baſſes of the modern Italian ſong. With all its amorous elegance, I conſider it as more amenable to your cenſure, as to want of originality, than are the ſongs of the late

thus proſtitutes his praiſe to the ſtupid and tyrannous pedant James I. then ſitting on the throne.

" To foes a terror, and to friends a tower:
Error's defyer, and true Faith's defence:
A ſword to Wrong, a ſhield to Innocence:
Cheering the milde, checking the wilde with power;
The ſtarre of other ſtates, and ſterne of our:
The rod of Vice, and Virtue's recompence;
Long live King *James*
In all magnificence."

late Engliſh operas; while the compoſers of the Italian operas have *ever* ſtood in the ſame relation to Handel that Metaſtatio, as a poet, ſtands to our own Shakeſpeare. Much of Handel's mighty ſpirit has lived in the lyres of the Britiſh bards.

The inſtrumental muſic of Italy has extremely degenerated from the flowing ſtrains and rich baſſes of their ſweet Corelli. *There* the Germans, in this day, bear the palm alike from Italy and England, as in vocal harmony their Handel once enabled them to bear it from all of excellent that *any* country had produced. Of *him*, as of the bards of Avon, it may be ſaid,

"That nothing went before ſo great,
"And nothing greater can ſucceed."

I have the honour to remain, with high eſteem for your talents and virtues, Sir, your obliged, and obedient Servant, *Anna Seward.*

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL. D.

From Lives of Scottiſh Authors. By David Irving, A. M.*

ACCORDING to the opinion of Dr Johnſon, "nobody can write the life of man, but thoſe who have eat and drunk, and lived in a ſocial intercourſe with him†." In this view of the ſubject, as well as in many others, I find myſelf altogether unqualified for the preſent undertaking. But as the taſk had been declined by thoſe who poſſeſs every opportunity of performing it in the moſt intereſting manner, public curioſity muſt for ever remain ungratified, unleſs the ſubject be attempted by ſome one who writes from perſonal knowledge, but from ſuch fugitive information as the recollection of others is able to ſupply. Information of this kind has been obtained from Dr Ruſſel's near relations and moſt intimate friends: yet the biographer who procures his materials even in this way, muſt labour under ſeveral diſadvantages. The nice diſcriminations of character, and the almoſt imperceptible ſhades of the mind, he cannot unfold with any high degree of accuracy.

William Ruſſell, the eldeſt ſon of Alexander Ruſſell, and Chriſtian Ballantine, was born in the year 1746, at Windydoors, a farm-houſe in the county of Mid-Lothian. At a proper age he was ſent to the ſchool of Inverleithen, where he acquired a very ſlender knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages.

In 1756 he was removed to Edinburgh, in order to be inſtructed in writing and arithmetic. Having ſtudied theſe uſeful branches of education for about ten months, he was bound apprentice to the bookſelling and printing buſineſs for five years.

While engaged in this occupation, he diſcovered the utmoſt ardour in literary purſuits. He ſeems to have delighted his fancy with the hopes of future eminence; to have been ſedulous in the acquiſition of thoſe ſtores of intellectual wealth which beſtow celebrity on the poſſeſſor. The early and unchanging deſire of honourable diſtinction muſt be regarded as an infallible criterion of no vulgar or grovelling mind. This deſire is often kindled in the midſt of untoward circumſtances, and remains unextinguiſhed during the courſe of a life marked by the ſevereſt calamities.

The occupation which Ruſſell had choſen, was not altogether unfavourable to the acquiſition of knowledge. Printers and bookſellers have often raiſed themſelves to eminence in the republic of letters. In proof of this aſſertion, it will be unneceſſary to ſearch

* Ferguſſon, Falconer, and Ruſſell.

† Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. ii. p. 163.

ſearch the literary annals of foreign nations: the names of Ruddiman, Richardſon, Dodſley, Bowyer, and Smellie, ought always to be mentioned with commendation. Yet as his part of the buſineſs was merely mechanical, his attainments even at this early period cannot but be regarded as highly reſpectable. His learning was not acquired in ſchools and colleges, but in the obſcurity of undirected ſtudy. And this circumſtance ought always to be kept in view, as we proceed in theſe memoirs of his life and writings.

When he had finiſhed his apprenticeſhip, he publiſhed a *Collection of Modern Poems*, which ſeems to have attracted ſome notice at the time of its appearance. The ſelection was conſidered as judicious. It included ſeveral of the productions of Gray and Shenſtone, the beauties of whoſe poetry he had the good taſte to perceive before many of his countrymen. He claims the honour of having contributed to extend their popularity in the northern part of the iſland. The ſublime odes of Gray excited the higheſt admiration: he was accuſtomed to recite them in a wild and enthuſiaſtic manner.

In 1763, while employed as a journeyman printer, he became a member of the Miſcellaneous Society, a private literary inſtitution which was chiefly under the direction of Mr Dalzel and Mr Liſton. It was compoſed of collegians and other young men eagerly engaged in the purſuit of knowledge. From Inſtitutions of this deſcription, the juvenile inquirer may perhaps derive ſome advantage: but in general they are fruitful nurſeries of every thing that is pompouſly ridiculous. The members often ſolicit admiſſion at too early a period of life; and from a habit of harangueing upon ſubjects which they have never inveſtigated, are led to entertain an over-weening conceit of their own limited attainments. Vanity and ignorance form a union by which nothing laudable can be produced. Their operation reſembles the tilting of a balance: the one ſcale is never at reſt while the other continues in motion.

About this period he made an attempt to adapt Crebillon's *Rhadamiſthe et Zenobie* to the Britiſh ſtage. The manuſcript was ſubmitted to the inſpection of Mr Dalzel, and Mr Liſton; who, after a very careful peruſal, offered ſeveral objections to particular paſſages. He was not one of thoſe who never aſked advice till they have determined not to follow it: of the critical hints ſuggeſted by theſe gentlemen, he ſhowed ſufficient promptitude to avail himſelf. This tragedy was at length offered to the manager of the Drury Lane théatre; but as Murphy's Zenobia was at that time in rehearſal, it was deemed imprudent to accept of another play on the ſame ſubject.

Next year he iſſued propoſals for publiſhing a ſecond volume of his *Collection of Modern Poems*, and retired to the country in order to arrange the materials. During his abſence from Edinburgh, he maintained an epiſtolary correſpondence with Lord Elibank, Miſs Scott of Benham, Mr Dalzel, and Dr Ogilvie; to whoſe friendſhip his youthful ingenuity had recommended him. The projected volume never made its appearance.

In 1765, Lord Elibank having invited him to his ſeat in Eaſt-Lothian, he there ſpent the greater part of the autumn, and had an opportunity of converſing with many eminent men. To this nobleman he ſeems to have looked for favour and protection. In the hope of obtaining preferment through his influence, he had relinquiſhed the drudgery of his original employment, and now proſecuted his ſtudies on the banks of the Tweed. Hiſtory and polite literature engaged his chief attention.

Having

Having reſided with his father till the month of May 1767, he ſet out for London, in order to await the turns of fortune. Young men of a ſanguine diſpoſition are apt to imagine, that as ſoon as they find themſelves within the walls of the metropolis, a mighty load of preferment will be heaped upon their ſhoulders. An indefinite and confuſed idea of honour and riches preſents itſelf to their mind: and, without reflecting on the means by which theſe are obtained, they readily perſuade themſelves that their own merit, whether real or fancied, will immediately be acknowledged and rewarded. The experience of a few months commonly ſerves to correct the extravagance of their views. They at length diſcover, that in the ſuperb capital of one of the moſt opulent and powerful of nations, every individual is not deſtined to partake of the ſweets of honourable preferment. They find that even there riches and honours do not fall like manna in the wilderneſs, and invite the willing hand of every Iſraelite who in the morning iſſues from his tent.

Ruſſell's towering hopes were ſoon blaſted. After waiting in vain for promotion through the influence of Mr Hume, Lord Elibank, General Murray, and Governor Johnſtone, he was under the neceſſity of engaging himſelf as a corrector to the preſs of William Strahan, afterwards his Majeſty's printer. To find himſelf thus placed in a ſituation ſo inadequate to his expectations, and ſo unworthy of his abilities, muſt have ſhed a temporary gloom over his mind. It does not, however, appear that he afterwards reprobated the conduct of any of theſe his reputed patrons. In ſome haſty memorandums found among his papers after his death, he acknowledges that he expected preferment through their intereſt, but never affirms that his expectations were founded upon their promiſes. Thoſe who aſpire to diſtinction, ſhould, in the firſt place, aſk themſelves for what particular employment they ſeem qualified, and whether the individuals whom they are diſpoſed to regard in the light of patrons, have, at any time, actually encouraged them to rely upon their protection. This rational mode of procedure would prevent innumerable ſcenes of diſappointment and mortification.

In 1769 he quitted Mr Strahan's, and was employed as overſeer to the printing-office of Brown and Adlard. During the ſame year he publiſhed an *Ode to Fortitude*; which was immediately reprinted at Edinburgh by his former maſters Martin and Wotherſpoon. His *Sentimental Tales* appeared in 1770. From this time he wrote many eſſays in proſe and verſe for the monthly publications.

In 1772 he publiſhed a collection of *Fables Moral and Sentimental*, and an *Eſſay on the Character, Manners, and Genius of Women, from the French of M. Thomas*.

The preciſe time when he relinquiſhed his employment in the printing office I have not been able to diſcover; but from the number of his productions, it may be inferred, that about this period he had entirely devoted himſelf to the purſuits of literature.

The profeſſional author is a character which has often been treated with unmerited ridicule and contempt, eſpecially by thoſe men of letters whom fortune has placed above the neceſſity of writing for a mere ſubſiſtence. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that writers by profeſſion have frequently proſtituted their talents: but this circumſtance is not ſufficient to affix a ſtigma on the whole claſs, many individuals among them have invariably maintained that noble independence of mind which adds dignity to every ſtation of life. The petulant and illiberal ſarcaſms ſo often aimed at their poverty, recoil back upon

upon thoſe who have uttered them. Poverty implies nothing diſgraceful. The goods of fortune are not univerſally beſtowed in proportion to the merit of the individual: and, as Salluſt the Cynic has juſtly obſerved, it ought not to excite our wonder, that the wicked often enjoy all the comforts which the preſent life affords; while the only hopes that remain for the good are thoſe which center in futurity. Riches are deſpiſed by the latter; while, by the former, they are regarded as the ſole foundation of happineſs *. Altho' poverty is no criterion of moral turpitude, yet as it is generally accompanied with real evils, we cannot ſufficiently regret, that it ſhould ever have been the portion of thoſe who, by contributing to the pleaſure and inſtruction of mankind, have endeavoured to tranſmit their names with honour to poſterity †.

Rouſſeau was of opinion that no man ought to devote himſelf to literature as a profeſſion: and, for his own part, he choſe rather to be employed in copying muſic at the rate of a ſhilling per ſheet. But thoſe who regulate their conduct by ſuch principles ſeem to place the honour and dignity of literature upon an imaginary baſis.

Julia, a Poetical Romance, made its appearance in the year 1774. "A poetical romance (he obſerves,) or a poem conducted by letters, is a ſpecies of compoſition hitherto unattempted. But the author of the following piece would rather reſt his claim to ſucceſs upon the propriety, than the novelty of his plan.

"Modern life is allowed to want dignity for the epopee: there are many intereſting ſubjects too extenſive or too familiar for tragedy; and there are many ſtories too pathetic for proſe. To ſupply theſe defects, the poetical romance ſeems well calculated ‡."

In this quotation a poetical romance is conſidered as ſynonymous with a poem conducted by letters. Between theſe, however, there is no neceſſary connection. Chaucer's *Squieres Tale*, though not exhibited in an epiſtolary form, is a poetical romance; and Drayton's *England's Heroical Epiſtles*, though no poetical romance; conſtitute a metrical work in which the various characters introduced expreſs their ſentiments by means of epiſtolary correſpondence. The epiſtles of Horace and of Boileu were never miſtaken for romances. This proper diſtinction being eſtabliſhed, Ruſſell will not be found entitled to the honour which he here ſeems diſpoſed to claim. Who has not heard of *Amadis de Gaula*, and the other redoubtable knights of the ſame order? Poetical romances are to be numbered among the earlieſt literary efforts of modern Europe. From the age of Lobeira to that of Spenſer, they maintained a very high rank in the ſcale of public favour §.

That any incident is too pathetic to be related in proſe, is a poſition which can by no means be admited. The admirable works of Oſſian, as tranſlated by Macpherſon, are of themſelves ſufficient to eſtabliſh a very different concluſion.

Neither

* Salluſt de Diis et Mundo, cap. ix.

† See a long catalogue of unfortunate authors in D'Iſraeli's *Curioſities of Literature*. vol. i. p. 29. A writer of acknowleged ingenuity and learning has too juſtly obſerved, "that genius, like beauty, may be ruinous to thoſe who poſſeſs it; and that literature, like virtue, muſt ſometimes be its own reward."

DYER's Diſſert. on Benevolence, chap. ii.

‡ Preface to Julia.

§ Spencer's *Fairy Queen* is to be regarded as a poetical romance, rather than an epic poem.

Neither the plan nor the execution of this poetical romance can be commended. The *Bath Guide* of Anſley may be peruſed with pleaſure; but from a ſerious compoſition, conſtructed, like Ruſſell's *Julia*, upon a ſomewhat ſimilar model, we turn with ſentiments of diſguſt. For every thing valuable which the work contains, he is indebted to the *Nouvelle Heloiſe* of Rouſſeau. The man who challenges a compariſon with this writer, muſt entertain no humble opinion of his own intellectual endowments.

He was afterwards engaged in compoſing the *History of America*, which was publiſhed in numbers, and completed in 1779. Of all his productions this is perhaps entitled to the higheſt praiſe. It was favourably received by the public, and ſeems to have laid the foundation of his frame. That no ſecond edition has hitherto appeared, may undoubtedly be attributed to the admirable manner in which the ſame ſubject has been treated by an author of eſtabliſhed reputation. Had Robertſon's *History of America* never been written, that of Ruſſell would have obtained greater popularity.

In the courſe of the ſame year, he alſo publiſhed the two firſt volumes of his *History of Modern Europe*. The notice which they attracted, exceeded his moſt ſanguine expectations.

About this time he was a frequent contributor to the various Magazines then in circulation. His occaſional poems inſerted in theſe publications would form a volume of conſiderable ſize. His friends have no occaſion to regret that the collection of his poetical works, which he had long meditated, never made its appearance: it would have diminiſhed rather than increaſed his reputation. In the eſtimate of his own literary merits he diſſented from the general voice. His hiſtorical works, which have met with a very favourable reception, he regarded as greatly inferior to his poetical works which have been totally neglected.

Goldſmith ſometimes declared, that his own poetical career commenced at too late an æra of Engliſh literature *. If this obſervation be juſt, in reference to the time when he wrote, it muſt apply more forcible to the poets of a ſubſequent period. It muſt indeed be admitted that the acquiſition of fame will be difficult in proportion to the number of candidates; but poets of real genius will always ſecure admiration, notwithſtanding the high reputation of their predeceſſors and contemporaries.—Are we to ſuppoſe that nothing now remains unperformed? During the two laſt centuries, the art of Engliſh poetry has received many important improvements; but it may yet be advanced to a ſtate of higher perfection. If any thing remains to do, it may perhapes be done. Let us never deſpair of human genius: we know what has been effected, but cannot foretel what the faculties of man may yet effect.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON PERSONAL MAGNITUDE, AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON OUR SENTIMENTS.

THE infancy of every nation is ſpent in war with the ſurrounding hordes—in hunting for daily ſuſtenance, and in exerciſes of the moſt hardy and vigorous nature. In this ſtage of the ſocial progreſs, man is rather an inſtinctive than an intellectual being, and ſtimulated by the firſt

* Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. ii. p. 364.

firſt impulſes of his affections, rather than called into action in conſequence of the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and deliberate judgement. The more noble powers of intellect are as yet dormant. Genius, properly ſo called, and theſe more exalted attributes of human nature, which chiefly conſtitute its ſuperiority, are not ſo conſpicuous at this period, as to attract much attention, or claim a decided regard. Bodily ſtrength is of far greater importance to ſavages than an elegant mind and a refined taſte; and although theſe latter qualities did exiſt in a barbarous tribe, they would be overlooked amidſt the praiſes which are laviſhed upon perſonal accompliſhments. In doing ſo, ſavages act both naturally and wiſely. Whatever men find, by experience, moſt uſeful in ſupplying their wants, they will readily eſteem and employ; and thoſe beſt ſhew their wiſdom, who embrace and encourage the beſt method of acquiring the objects of indiſpenſible exigency. With magnitude of body, ſtrength is generally accompanied; and ſtrength amongſt barbarians becomes the rod of the inchanter! Without this quality, they are a ſure and immediate prey to a more vigorous foe, and the advantages which it confers, juſtly entitle it to the high reſpect which has uniformly been paid to it. Indeed it appears ſuch an important and uſeful accompliſhment, that it is probable ſavages, in chooſing a leader, would be influenced by it in their choice beyond every other recommendation. The athletic warrior, who could kill the greateſt number of the enemies of his tribe, whoſe look threatened deſtruction, and whoſe graſp was death, was the man whom they would look upon with reverence, and clothe with the enſigns of power.

But even after a community has made a conſiderable progreſs in civilization, and when the intellectual powers have acquired more attention and celebrity, the admiration in which perſonal magnitude was held does not ceaſe. We have an inſtance of this in the Jewiſh hiſtory. When Saul was anointed king over the Hebrews, he was exhibited to all the people, and Samuel the prophet recommended him to them in theſe words: 1 Samuel x. 23. "And "they ran and fetched Saul thence; "and when he ſtood amongſt the "people he was higher than any of "the people, from his ſhoulders and "upwards. And Samuel ſaid to all "the people, See ye him whom the "Lord hath choſen, that there is "none like him amongſt all the peo-"ple? and all the people ſhouted, "and ſaid, God ſave the King!"

Magnitude of perſon unavoidably aſſociates in the mind the idea of greatneſs of every kind, whether intellectual or moral; and the latter again as uniformly aſſociates the former, becauſe the aſſociating principle is general in its operations, and is corrected and regulated by ſubſequent circumſtances. It is on this principle, that we find the Jewiſh Rabbias ſuppoſed Adam and the firſt race of mankind to have been of prodigious ſtature, beyond all compariſon with the exiſting race of men. They imagined that ſuch an illuſtrious race of men, as the original inhabitants of this globe, muſt needs have been great in every point of view. Upon the ſame principle it was that Homer aſſerts, that the preceding races of the Greeks were greater and ſtronger than thoſe whoſe atchievements he ſung becauſe moral excellence and every perfection, in a high degree, is attributed to anceſtry; and this ſuppoſed excellence was aſſociated in the mind with ſuperior magnitude and perſonal proweſs. What the Father of Poetry did ſome thouſands of years ago, is done at this day by the great bulk of mankind, and will continue to be done, ſo long as men allow their

their opinions to be founded upon vague and general aſſociations of ideas. It is highly probable, that the belief in giants, who have generally compoſed a part of the firſt founders of every nation, may in a great meaſure be attributed to the ſame principle.

There are ſeveral other inſtances, in the ſequel of the Hebrew hiſtory, of the reſpect paid to perſonal magnitude and ſtrength.—In the 23d chapter of II. Samuel, we have an account of ſeveral mighty men, who, by their exploits of ſtrength againſt the enemies of Judah, acquired the higheſt honours of the ſtate. "Theſe things did Benaiah the ſon "of Jehoiada, and had the name a-"mongſt three mighty men. He "was more honourable than the "thirty, but he attained not to the "firſt three: and David ſet him over "his guard."

The Pretorian guards, in the latter periods of the Roman empire, choſe Maximin from the ranks, and clothed him with the imperial purple, merely on account of his gigantic ſize and commanding aſpect.

Theſe obſervations will ſuffice to ſhew the influence of perſonal magnitude amongſt the ancients; and I believe, that, from a laborious examination of ancient hiſtory, we would be led to conclude, that this influence is nearly in proportion to the degree of civilization and refinement which prevail in a nation. When theſe do not exiſt, brutal force, rather than ſtratagem and ſkilful manœuveres, ſecure the ſucceſſes after which the community aſpires; and it is for the ſame reaſon, that a more refined people hold in eſteem thoſe qualities of mind and exertions of intellect, which obtain for them the objects of deſire. The influence in both caſes is the ſame in principle. Men will always admire what is productive of the greateſt good.

But, as was already obſerved, after a people become more refined in their manners and general habits, a number of preſtine ſentiments are ſtill retained, and theſe continue more or leſs to affect their modes of thinking and conduct. Nations are not civilized all at once, or all in a body. This is a gradual progreſs, and it requires many ages, even after a few individuals have become poliſhed, before the great maſs of the people attain the ſame degree of rational refinement. It will, therefore, be proper to inveſtigate the degree of influence which perſonal magnitude has upon the ſentiments of even the moderns at this day. Although the Britiſh nation in general, is as far removed from the barbarous ſtate, and the ſentiments peculiar to it, as any nation in the world, yet, we will find upon obſervation, that perſonal magnitude is ſtill looked upon in a very favourable light, and ſecures to its poſſeſſor more admiration and reſpect than is commonly apprehended. Moſt of the employments and exerciſes ſubſervient to our wants, can now be performed independent of extraordinary ſtrength. In conſequence of the cultivation of mind, long and laborious proceſſes are abridged and civilized; man has conſtructed ingenious machines which now perform thoſe fatiguing labours which formerly he himſelf was obliged to undergo. Even in thoſe departments of public and private labour where mechaniſm has not yet been, introduced, much leſs bodily ſtrength is requiſite than was formerly neceſſary; yet notwithſtanding thoſe improvements, although we are now indebted to extraordinary feats of perſonal vigour for our enjoyments, ſtill perſonal magnitude is attended with reſpect; and a tall, athletic, muſcular man, is ſtill an object of conſiderable veneration.—When we meet with ſuch an individual in the ſtreet, or are introduced to him in company, if he is in the ſame circumſtances, in other reſpects, with the other individuals,

duals, we inſtantaneouſly feel towards him a higher ſentiment of regard and awe than to the other members who are preſent. With them we think ourſelves in ſome meaſure upon an equal level, and are at eaſe in our intercourſe; but the firmneſs of aſpect, the majeſtic tread, and the ſolemn demeanour of the perſonable man, tend immediately, upon ſight, to inſpire us with a kind of homage and retiring ſubmiſſion, which is unconſciouſly exhibited in our ſubſequent intercourſe with him: we give him credit for thoſe noble and heroic qualities, which his appearance beſpeaks; we ſuppoſe his mind to be as vigorous as his perſon, and that his habits of thinking partake of that loftineſs of character which diſtinguiſhes his external diſplay. The ſentiments and opinions which he utters, appear to have peculiar weight, and importance. We are prepared to perceive in them a ſuperior dignity beyond thoſe expreſſed by men of diminutive ſtature; and although they may in themſelves be even more trifling, it is ſome time before we can allow ourſelves to believe ſo *. Does he perform any action, we admire the heroic manner in which it is accompliſhed, and the ſuperior proweſs he diſplays. We diminiſh in his auguſt preſence and the compariſon which is ſtated betwixt him and ourſelves, though it may leſſen the warmth of our affection, it increaſes our reverence towards him. Familiar acquaintance annihilates this extraordinary reſpect, becauſe it enables us to underſtand his real character, and to aſcertain our comparative difference but at firſt ſight, if we attend to our feelings at the moment, I believe it will be perceived by almoſt every individual.

In the caſe of little bodied men, a greater degree of merit is neceſſary before he acquires the ſame reſpect. If his appearance is attended with favourable prepoſſeſſions, we judge of his opinions and actions as they really are in themſelves, without adventitious embelliſhment, and are frequently even diſpoſed to allow them leſs merit than they have a juſt claim to. We are ſeldom ready to perceive ſublimity of character in any thing proceeding from, or connected with a diminutive man; this quality muſt be very ſtriking, elſe it will not be quickly recogniſed.

Garrick, the celebrated actor, may ſeem an exception, if not conſtitute a weighty objection to this reaſoning. Although he was little more than five feet high, yet when he acted the part of a king, he was allowed by all to be truly majeſtic. But if this inſtance is properly conſidered, it forms no objection. There can be no doubt, that if Garrick had been ſix feet high inſtead of five, his fame in heroic repreſentation would have been proportionally greater than it was: although his perſon, upon the whole, was diminutive, yet the expreſſion of his countenance partook of the grand ſtyle in the higheſt degree; and it muſt have been ſo, before it counterbalanced the prejudice occaſioned by his littleneſs of perſon.

When we behold a dwarf, we ſurely entertain little reverence for him, unleſs we are otherwiſe acquainted with his merit The firſt ſentiments which raiſe in our minds at ſight of him, are theſe of ridicule and contempt. We ſtate a compariſon betwixt him and ourſelves, and the advantage turning in our favour, we feel a ſuperiority which is incompatible with ſubmiſſive homage. If he aims only at common exertion, we ſcarcely allow him common applauſe; but ſhould he aſpire at ſome grand effort, the feeble attempt excites immediate laughter and ſneering abuſe. Now, if littleneſs of perſon begets a certain degree of contempt, magnitude

* The grandeur of his manner enhances the ſublimity of the thoughts; and like the hearers of King Herod, we exclaim, "It is an angel that ſpoke!"

tude of bulk muſt, upon the ſame principle, occaſion reſpect and admiration. There are ſtill other proofs of this doctrine. It is from the reſpect attached to perſonal magnitude, and the awe which it inſpires, that apparitions are always ſuppoſed to be of ſupernatural height. There is an idea of ſublimity annexed to the exiſtence and appearance of ſpirits, and the principle of aſſociation which uniformly claſſifies and connects ſimilar and analogous ideas, ſuggeſts magnitude of demenſion to be a conſtant accompaniment with theſe ſuppoſititious beings. Apparitions are of huge ſtature in every age and nation, which demonſtrates that the principle from whence this originates is inherent in human nature, and therefore common to all men, although it is ſometimes aided by phyſical circumſtances. In this country, if an apparition is thought to be ſeen, it is of a "*tall and ghaſtly*" form calculated to overawe by its ſize, as well as confound by its myſterious nature! According to Mr Park, the ſame belief prevails in Africa. The fancy of the terrified horſeman, who perceived, in the unexpected traveller, *the dreadful ſpirit of the hill*, gave him a tremendous form, and clothed him in the flowing robes of obſcure magnificence. The great Milton acted upon the ſame principle, when he painted Satan and his illuſtrious compeers as beings of the moſt gigantic ſize, and made every circumſtance belonging to them in proportionable magnitude. Every one is able to recollect paſſages, in the Paradiſe Loſt, to this effect.

We judge in the ſame manner concerning the authors of books which we highly admire, but whoſe perſons we have not had an opportunity of ſeeing; provided no adventitious circumſtance (as is often the caſe) warp our fancy relative to the authors, and diſturb the natural train of aſſociation. If the imagination of the reader is left uninformed, it will draw the portrait of the author from the work before him, and give it that perſon and thoſe features, which are analogous to the character of his book. Every one will be able to recollect inſtances of this nature which have happened to himſelf.

We muſt not neglect to obſerve too, that the effect of perſonal magnitude in an orator, or any public ſpeaker, is much greater than, at the time we hear him, we are fully aware of,—of all profeſſions that of an orator is leaſt ſuited to men of diminutive ſize. There may, indeed, have been ſeveral inſtances of their ſucceſs, but were every circumſtance in the particular caſe known, I am perſuaded that theſe inſtances would not militate againſt the doctrine which has been ſtated.

Additional corroborating proofs to ſupport the above reaſoning, may likewiſe be drawn from an attention to common expreſſions in our colloquial diſcourſe. In this country our vernacular language has ſeveral words and phraſes highly expreſſive of the ſentiments we entertain of magnitude and diminutiveneſs of perſon. The Scotch word *bodie*, is never applied to a man of large ſtature, but always to a little perſon. The phraſe *he, or ſhe, is a bit fine body* would be ridiculous if applied to a big man or woman: were we recommending a man of bulky perſon, we would ſay *he is a fine man, or a noble fellow*. If praiſing a female of a ſmall ſized perſon, we unthinkingly ſay *ſhe is a nice laſſie*. But if the lady is tall, and is of that deſcription which the Greeks called καλὴ καὶ μεγάλη, we aſſume a look of reſpectful attention, and ſay *ſhe is a fine woman, or a charming lady*. When talking of little people, diminutives of language, ſuch as ſuit the character of the perſon, are generally uſed; and when converſing concerning big-bodied people, we employ ſuch words and phraſes as convey a more

more reſpectful ſentiment. In the one caſe we commonly uſe the Scotch, in the other the Engliſh language; and ſuch is the difference of tone, of look, and of manner in the ſpeaker, that it will be generally underſtood whether the perſon mentioned is large or little.

The veneration paid to magnitude of perſon, is not confined to the male ſex alone. The fair lady is perhaps ſtill more conſcious of its influence, and honours it whenever it preſents itſelf with a look of approbation, and the tribute of a ſmile. In her caſe, however, the ſentiment of admiration is diſcriminated by ſome ſhades of difference from that of men. In the latter, there is a tincture of timid ſubmiſſion and awe, but in the former there is a reſpect devoid of fear, and an admiration which attracts, inſtead of repelling; and ſhe approaches, not with the trembling ſtep of timidity, but with the aſſured confidence of one who ſeeks, and has found a protector and a powerful friend. When the young miſs, in the effervescence of her fancy, creates an imaginary lover, ſhe beholds before her eyes, a tall, noble, well formed figure, whoſe ſhoulders are of the moſt manly mould, and whoſe limbs are the perfection of ſymmetry. She ſees in his eyes the commanding look of a hero, his countenance beſpeaks a greatneſs of ſoul, and a heroic courage, which is deſtined to avenge the wrongs of his coutry, and of his bride!

As we proceeded in the illuſtration, we have all along interwoven the *cauſes* of the reſpect ſhown to perſonal magnitude, and endeavoured to account for it in every particular caſe. Theſe cauſes may be viewed in ſeveral particular aſpects: ſometimes they operate ſingly, at other times in union with one another: their influence is modified by the peculiar diſpoſitions of different people, and even by the various temper of the ſame perſon at different times; but they are allways more of leſs effective, and their influence will be eaſily perceived, if we pay attention to our feelings. They may be reduced to three general heads. Firſt, A ſpecies of individual *fear*, occaſioned by perſonal bulk and ſtrength. Second, The aſſociation and *temporary belief of great unknown qualities*, with thoſe ſuperior external endowments which we perceive by the ſenſes: and, Thirdly. *The idea of utility*, which is immediately annexed to perſonal magnitude, eſpecially by the vulgar, who are accuſtomed to know the advantages of bodily vigour. Some fragments of our barbarous notions may ſtill remain in modern minds, which will tend to make us admire thoſe qualities which were once ſo highly diſtinguiſhed, and which we cannot yet altogether ſeparate from public advantage, and all that is great and reſpectable.

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Edinburgh.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE POGGY, OR NASSAU ISLANDS, LYING OFF SUMATRA.

From the Aſiatic Reſearches, Vol. VI.

THE inhabitants of Poggy Iſlands are but few; they are divided into ſmall tribes, each tribe occupying a ſmall river, and living in one village. On the northern Poggy are ſeven villages, of which Cockup is the chief; on the ſouthern Poggy are five. The whole number of people on the two iſlands amounts, by the beſt accounts I could procure, only to one thouſand four hundred; the inland parts of the iſlands are uninhabited. Porah, or Fortune Iſland, is inhabited by the ſame race of people, and is ſaid to contain as many inhabitants as the two Poggys. When we

we conſider the mildneſs of the climate, the eaſe with which the inhabitants procure wholeſome, nutritive food, and the little reſtraint laid on the communication between the ſexes, this paucity of inhabitants ſeems to indicate that the period when the reſidence in theſe iſlands commenced cannot be very remote. Their houſes are built of bamboos, and raiſed on poſts; the under part is occupied by poultry and hogs, and, as may be ſuppoſed, much filth is collected there. The whole of their clothing conſiſts of a piece of coarſe cloth, made of the bark of a tree, worn round the waiſt, and brought acroſs between the thighs; they wear beads and other ornaments about the neck, of which a ſmall green bead is the moſt eſteemed. Though cocoa-nut trees are in ſuch plenty, they have not the uſe of oil; and their hair, which is black, and might grow long and graceful, is, for want of it, and the uſe of combs, in general matted, and plentifully ſupplied with vermin, which they pick out and eat; a filthy cuſtom, but very common among ſavage people. They have a method of filing or grinding their teeth to a point, which is alſo in uſe on Sumatra.

Their ſtature ſeldom exceeds five feet and a half, and many among them fall ſhort of this: ſome of them are extremely well made, with fine-turned limbs and expreſſive countenances: their colour is like that of the Malays, a light brown or copper colour. The cuſtom of tattooing or imprinting figures on the ſkin is general among them, of which I ſhall ſay more preſently.

The principal article of their food is ſago, which is found in plenty on theſe iſlands. The tree, when ripe, is cut down, and the pith, which forms the ſago, taken out, and the mealy part ſeparated from the fibrous, by maceration and treading it in a large trough continually ſupplied with freſh water: the meal ſubſides and is kept in bags made of a kind of ruſh; and in this ſtate it may be preſerved for a conſiderable time. When they take it from their ſtore for immediate uſe, ſome further preparation of waſhing is neceſſary; but they do not granulate it. One tree will ſometimes yield two hundred pounds of ſago: when they cook it, it is put into the hollow joints of a thin bamboo, and roaſted over the fire.

Beſides this article, they have a variety of nouriſhing plants, ſuch as the yam, the ſweet potatoe, the plantain, &c. Their animal food conſiſts of fowls, hogs, and fiſh; ſhell fiſh they eat raw. The uſe of betel, ſo common in the Eaſt, is unknown to them, and I obſerved in many, marks of the ſcurvy in their mouths.

Their arms conſiſt of a bow and arrows. The bow is made of the neebong tree, a ſpecies of palm, which, when of proper age, is very ſtrong and elaſtic; the ſtrings are formed of the intrails of ſome animal; the arrow is made of a ſmall bamboo, or other light wood, headed with braſs, or with another piece of wood fixed to the end of the ſhaft and cut to a point: theſe arrows, we are told, are ſometimes poiſoned. Though ſtrangers to the uſe of feathers to ſteady the flight of the arrow, they nevertheleſs diſcharge it from the bow with much ſtrength and ſkill. With a mongrel breed of dogs, probably procured originally from Sumatra, they rouſe the deer in the woods, which they ſometimes kill with their arrows; they alſo kill monkeys by the ſame means, and eat their fleſh. We obſerved a few among them who were in poſſeſſion of *creeſes*, or Malay daggers.

Their knowledge of metals is entirely derived from their communication with the inhabitants of Sumatra. They are ſtill ſtrangers to the uſe of coin of any kind, and a metal coat button would be of equal value in their eſteem with a piece of gold or ſilver

ſilver coin, either of which would immediately be hung about the neck as an ornament. A ſort of iron hatchet or handbill, called *parang*, is in much eſteem with them, and ſerves as a ſtandard for the value of various commodities, ſuch as cocoa-nuts, coolit coys, poultry, &c.

We were informed that the different tribes of *Orang Mantawee* who inhabit the Poggy Iſlands never war with each other; to which account we could readily give credit from the mildneſs of their diſpoſition. Indeed, the friendly footing upon which they appeared to live one with another was a circumſtance too ſtriking to eſcape our notice; during our whole ſtay with them, and while diſtributing various preſents among them, we never heard a ſingle diſpute, nor obſerved one angry geſture. They, however, informed us that a feud had long ſubſiſted between the inhabitants of the Poggy Iſlands, and thoſe of ſome iſland to the northward, whom they call Sybee. Againſt theſe people they ſometimes undertake expeditions in their war canoes; but it did not appear that they had engaged in any undertaking of this kind lately. Mr Beſt meaſured one of theſe war canoes, which was preſerved with great care under a ſhed; the floor of it was twenty-five feet in length, the prow projected twenty-two feet, and the ſtern eighteen, making the whole length ſixty-five feet, the greateſt breadth was five feet, and the depth three feet eight inches. For navigating in their rivers and the ſtraits of See Cockup, where the ſea is as ſmooth as glaſs, they uſe a ſmall canoe, made from a ſingle tree, conſtructed with great neatneſs; and the women and young children are extremely expert in the uſe of the paddle.

The religion of this people, if it can be ſaid they have any, may truly be called the religion of nature. A belief of the exiſtence of ſome powers more than human, cannot fail to be excited among the moſt uncultivated of mankind, from the obſervations of various ſtriking natural phenomena, ſuch as the diurnal revolution of the ſun and moon; thunder and lightning; earthquakes, &c. &c. nor will there ever be wanting among them ſome of ſuperior talents and cunning who will acquire an influence over weak minds, by aſſuming to themſelves an intereſt with, or a power of controlling thoſe ſuper-human agents: and ſuch notions conſtitute the religion of the inhabitants of the Poggys. Sometimes a fowl, and ſometimes a hog is ſacrificed to avert ſickneſs; to appeaſe the wrath of the offended power, or to render it propitious to ſome projected enterpriſe: and Mr Beſt was informed that omens of good or ill fortune were drawn from certain appearances in the entrails of the victim. But they have no form of religious worſhip, nor do they appear to have the moſt diſtant idea of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments.—They do not practiſe circumciſion.

The mode of diſpoſing of their dead bears a reſemblance to that of the Otaheitans. Very ſhortly after death the corpſe is carried to a certain place appropriated for the purpoſe, where it is depoſited on a ſort of ſtage, called in their language *rati aki*; it is dreſſed with a few beads or ſuch ornaments as the perſon was accuſtomed to wear in his lifetime; and after ſtrewing a few leaves over it, the attendants leave the ground, and proceed to the plantation of the deceaſed, where they fell a few trees of his planting, and return to their homes. The corpſe is left to rot, and the bones fall to the ground.

Among a people whoſe manners are ſo ſimple, whoſe wants are ſo eaſily ſupplied, and whoſe poſſeſſions are ſo circumſcribed, we are not to look for any complex ſyſtem of juriſprudence: indeed their code of laws

laws may be compriſed in a few lines.

Their chiefs are but little diſtinguiſhed from the community, either by authority or by property, their pre eminence being chiefly diſplayed at public entertainments of which they do the honours. They have no judicial powers; all diſputes are ſettled, and crimes adjudged, by a meeting of the whole village.

Inheritance is by male deſcent; the houſe or plantation, the weapons and tools of the father, paſs to his male children. Theft, when to a conſiderable amount, and the criminal is incapable of making reſtitution, is liable to be puniſhed by death.

Murder is puniſhable by retaliation; the murderer is delivered to the relations of the deceaſed, who may put him to death. I was, however, informed theſe crimes are very rare.

In marriages, the matter is ſettled between the parents of the young perſons, and when agreed upon, the young man goes to the houſe of the bride, and takes her home: on this occaſion a hog is generally killed, and a feaſt made. Polygamy is not allowed.

In caſes of adultery, where the wife is the offender, the injured huſband has a right to ſeize the effects of the paramour, and ſometimes puniſhes his wife by cutting off her hair. When the huſband offends, the wife has a right to quit him, and to return to her parent's houſe; but in this ſtate of ſeparation ſhe is not allowed to marry another; however, in both theſe caſes, the matter is generally made up, and the parties reconciled; and we are informed that inſtances of their occurrence were very unfrequent. Simple fornication between unmarried perſons is neither a crime nor a diſgrace; and a young woman is rather liked the better, and more deſired in marriage, for having borne a child; ſometimes they have two or three, when, upon a marriage taking place, the children are left with the parents of their mother. The ſtate of ſlavery is unknown to theſe people.

The cuſtom of tattooing is general throughout theſe iſlands. They call it in their language *teetee*. They begin to imprint theſe marks on boys of ſeven years of age, but they only trace at firſt a few outlines. As they advance in years, and go to war, they fill up the marks, the right to which depends on having killed an enemy. Such is the account they gave us, and it is probable enough that this cuſtom may originally have been intended as a mark of military diſtinction; but ſuch original intention cannot at preſent have place, as the marks are common to every individual, and wars ſcarce occur once in a generation. The figures imprinted are the ſame throughout, or the variation, if any, is very trifling, excepting that, in ſome of the young men, the outline only of the broad mark on the breaſt is traced, but this is filled up as they grow older. The women have a ſtar imprinted on each ſhoulder, and generally ſome ſmall marks on the back of the hands. Theſe marks are imprinted with a pointed inſtrument, conſiſting of a braſs wire fixed perpendiculary into a piece of ſtick, about eight inches in length; this piece is ſtruck with another ſmall long ſtick with repeated light ſtrokes. The pigmet uſed for this purpoſe is made of the ſmoke collected from a ſpecies of reſin, which is mixed with water; the operator takes a ſtem of dried graſs, or a fine piece of ſtick, and diping the end in the pigment, traces on the ſkin the outline of the figure, with great ſteadineſs and dexterity; then, dipping the braſs point in the ſame compoſition, he with very quick and light ſtrokes drives it into the ſkin, tracing the outline before drawn, which leaves an indelible mark. Mr Beſt ſubmitted to the operation

operation on his leg, and found it attended with ſome pain.

Such are the cuſtoms and manners of the inhabitants of the Poggy Iſlands, which lie within ſight of Sumatra.—The many particulars in which they differ from any ſet of inhabitants of the latter iſland, put it, in my opinion, beyond a doubt that they are of a different origin, but from whence they came it may not be eaſy, and probably will not be thought of importance, to trace. They have no clear tradition to aſſiſt in ſuch an enquiry. When Mr Beſt was at their village, on aſking from whence they originally came, they told him from the ſun, which he underſtood as ſignifying from the eaſtward.

ON THE MEDICINE, LITERATURE, &c. OF THE BURMAS.

From the Same.

THE Burmas have among them many hiſtories, containing an account of the lives and actions performed by the different families of their princes. Theſe hiſtories are, I am told, very fabulous; every action being attended by omens and prodigies. Still, however, they may throw ſome light on a part of the world hitherto ſo little known; and I am hopeful ſoon to be able to lay before the learned, a tranſlation of the Maharaſa Wayn-gye, the moſt celebrated hiſtorical work of the Burmas. Theſe people have alſo tranſlated hiſtories of the Chineſe and Siameſe; and the kingdoms of Kathee, Ko-ſhanpyee, Pagoo, Saymmy, and Laynzayn. Of all theſe I ſaw copies, and ſeveral of them I procured for Sir John Murray.

On medicine the Burmas have ſeveral books. They divide diſeaſes into ninety-ſix genera, and of theſe ſeveral are ſubdivided into many ſpecies.—Their books contain deſcriptions of all the ninety-ſix diſeaſes, with various recipes for their cure. Of the animal kingdom, mummy is a favourite medicine. The Burmas are acquainted with the uſe of mercury in the cure of the venereal diſeaſe; but their manner of giving it is neither certain nor ſafe. They make a candle of cinnaber and ſome other materials, and ſetting fire to it, the patient inhales the fumes with his noſtrils. The patient is, however, rarely able to perſevere long in this courſe, as it always produces a want of appetite and extreme langour. The greater part, however, of the Burma remedies are taken from the vegetable kingdom, eſpecially of the aromatic kind, nutmegs being one of their moſt favourite medicines. They are well acquainted with the plants of their country, and for a vaſt number have appropriate names. On the whole, however, the practice of their phyſicians is almoſt entirely empirical; and almoſt every one has, or pretends to have, a number of private recipes, on which the ſucceſs of his practice chiefly depends. I was often tempted by wonderful ſtories concerning the efficacy of theſe noſtrums, in order to induce me to purchaſe the ſecret, which ſome of them pretended to have been handed down from their fathers for ſeveral generations Indeed I found a great ſpirit of illiberality among my brethren of trade; nor were they exempt from impoſing on the weakneſs of the ſick, by a pretenſion to ſupernatural powers. In ſpite, however, of all theſe indirect means of influence, I found them deſervedly not in poſſeſſion of an honourable eſtimation among their countrymen. One curious cuſtom relating to the Burma phyſicians may be mentioned, if a young woman is dangerouſly ill, the doctor

and

and her parents frequently enter into an agreement, the doctor undertaking to cure her. If she lives, the doctor takes her as his property; but if she dies, he pays her value to the parents; for, in the Burma dominions, no parent parts with his daughter, whether to be a wife, or to be a concubine, without a valuable consideration. I do not know whether the doctor is intitled to sell the girl again, or if he must retain her in his family; but the number of fine young women, which I saw in the house of a doctor at Myeda, makes me think the practice to be very common.

In surgery, the skill of the Burmas, I believe, goes no farther than dressing wounds, and setting bones. Of late indeed they have introduced from Arakan the art of inoculation for the small-pox. This practice has, however, not become general, as a very great proportion of the people's faces are pitted by that disease.

On law, the Burmas have many treatises; both containing the laws of Menu, and copious commentaries on these. Whether they still have any copies of the law, as originally imported from Ceylon, I know not: but I was told, that the Damathatgye, or code in common use, has suffered several alterations, and additions, made by the decrees of various princes.

I heard of no poetry, which the Burmas possess, except songs. Of these they have a great number on a variety of subjects, and are fond of quoting them on many occasions.—Their music, both vocal and instrumental, appeared to me very bad. Some of their musical instruments are indeed, not so barbarously noisy, as those of the Hindus and Chinese; but the airs, which the Burmas performed on them, I could not at all comprehend. On the contrary, many of the Hindu and Chinese airs seem to me not at all unpleasant; but I must confess that I am entirely unskilled and rude in the science of music.

The Burmas have dramatic entertainments, used at all festivals, and well described by M. de la Loubere, in his account of Siam. The performers, indeed, which we saw, were all Siamese. Although these entertainments, like the Italian opera, consist of music, dancing, and action, with a dialogue in recitative; yet we understood, that no part but the songs was previously composed. The subject is generally taken from some of the legends of their heroes, especially of Rama; and the several parts, songs, and actions, being assigned to the different performers, the recitative part or dialogue is left to each actor's ingenuity. If, from the effects on the audience, we might judge of the merit of the performance, it must be very considerable; as some of the performers had the art of keeping the multitude in a roar. I often, however, suspected that the audience were not difficult to please: for I frequently observed the Myoowun of Haynthawade (the man of high rank whom we most frequently saw) thrown into immoderate laughter by the most childish contrivances. These eastern nations are indeed a lively, merry people; and, like the former French, dance, laugh, and sing in the midst of oppression and misfortune.

The original of most of the Burma books on law and religion is in the Pali or Pale language; which undoubtedly is radically the same with the Sanscrit. I was assured at Amarapura, that the Pali of Siam and Pegu differed considerably from that of the Burmas; and an intelligent native of Tavay, who had been at Cingala or Candy, the present capital of Ceylon, and at the ruins of Anuradapura, the former capital, assured me, that the Pali of that island was considerably different from that of Ava.

In

In many inſcriptions, and in books of ceremony, ſuch as the Kammun, the Pali language is written in a ſquare character, ſomewhat reſembling the Bengal Sanſcrit, and called Magata. Of this a ſpecimen may be ſeen in the deſcription of the Borgian muſeum, by Paulinus. But in general it is written in a round character, nearly reſembling the Burma letters. Of this kind is the ſpecimen given by the accurate M. de la Loubere, and which ſome perſons have raſhly conceived to be the Burma. There is no doubt, however, that all the different characters of India, both on the weſt and on the eaſt of the Ganges, have been derived from a common ſource, and the Burma writing, of the whole, appears to be the moſt diſtinct and beautiful.

In their more elegant books, the Burmas write on ſheets of ivory, on very fine white palmira leaves The ivory is ſtained black, and the margins are ornamented with gilding, while the characters are enamelled or gilded. On the palmira leaves the characters are in general black enamel; and the ends of the leaves, and margins, are painted with flowers in various bright colours. In their more common books, the Burmas with an iron ſtyle engrave their writings on palmira leaves. A hole, through both ends of each leaf, ſerves to connect the whole into a volume by means of two ſtrings, which alſo paſs through the two wooden boards, that ſerve for binding. In the finer binding of theſe kind of books the boards are lacquered, the edges of the leaves cut ſmooth and gilded, and the title is written on the upper board: the two cords are by *a knot or jewel* ſecured at a little diſtance from the boards, ſo as to prevent the book from falling to pieces, but ſufficiently diſtant to admit of the upper leaves being turned back, while the lower ones are read. The more elegant books are in general wrapped up in ſilk cloth, and bound round by a garter, in which the Burmas have the art to weave the title of the book.

As there are but few of the Burmas who do not read and write, almoſt every man carries with him a *parawaik**, in which he keeps his accounts, copies ſongs, till he can repeat them from memory, and takes memorandums of any thing curious. It is on theſe parawaiks that the zares or writers in all courts, and public offices, take down the proceedings and orders of the ſuperior officers: from thence copying ſuch parts as are neceſſary, into books of a more durable and elegant nature, The parawaik is made of one ſheet of thick and ſtrong paper blackened over. A good one may be made about eight feet long, and eighteen inches wide. It is folded up ſomewhat like a fan, or thus *a*⌒⌒⌒*b*, each fold or page being about ſix inches, and in length the whole breadth of the ſheet. Thence, whereever the book is opened, whichever ſide is uppermoſt, no part of it can be rubbed, but the two outer pages, *a*, *b*; and it only occupies a table one foot in width by eighteen inches long. The Burmas write on the parawaik with a pencil of ſteatites. When in haſte, the zares uſe many contractions, and write with wonderful quickneſs. I have ſeen them keep up with an officer dictating, and not ſpeaking very ſlow. But when they take pains the characters written on the parawaik are remarkably neat. Indeed this nation, like the Chineſe, pique themſelves much on writing an elegant and diſtinct character. When that which has been written on a parawaik becomes no longer uſeful, the pages are rubbed over with charcoal, and the leaves of a ſpecies of dolichos: they are then clean, as if new, and equally fit for the pencil.

Every convent has a collection of books;

* I do not know but this ought to be written *Paruck*.

books; several of which are pretty considerable. The most common copiers are indeed the Rahans, who prepare books both for their convents, and for presents to their lay benefactors. These books are kept in chests, much ornamented with gilding, and bits of looking-glass, fastened on with lacquer in the shape of flowers. At Amarapura we were shown a part of the royal library. This is a brick building, surrounded by inclosed courts, and temples, which occupy a delightful situation, in the N. W. angle of the city. Near it is a small, but a most elegant Kiaung. To this, at times, the monarch retires; and we were shown the gilded couch on which he reposes, while the Zarado reads to him, and instructs him in the duties of religion. The library itself is neither a convenient nor handsome building. The gallery, into which we entered, contained about a hundred chests, gilded on the sides, and lacquered above, with the general title of their contents written in golden letters. The chests were large, and, if full, must have contained many thousand volumes. As we saw only a part, I presume that the king's collection is very extensive. He is, indeed, said to be a very intelligent and learned prince. He was very desirous of obtaining some Brahmens more learned than those he had, to instruct him in astronomy: and he had caused the Institutes of Menu to be translated from the English of Sir William Jones. He must, therefore, have heard of what is pursued among the Europeans, in at least Oriental literature: and it is to be hoped, that some more useful books may attract his notice; books which might tend to improve the people, and give them more enlightened notions of politics, of the arts, and of science. Hitherto I suspect, the laws or religion, of the Burmas have contributed little to the happiness of the people; but fortunately they have not, like those of the Brahmens, placed any insurmountable obstacles in the way of national improvement.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOSSAL STATUES ON MOUNT CAUCASUS.

From the same.

BUT what never fails to attract the notice of travellers, are two colossal statues, which are seen at a great distance. They are erect, and adhere to the mountain, from which they were cut out. They are in a sort of niches, the depth of which is equal to the thickness of the statues. It is said, in the Ayeen-Akberry, that the largest is eighty ells high, and the other only fifty. These dimensions are greatly exaggerated, according to the opinion of all the travellers I have seen, and the disproportion is not so great between the two. According to the author of the Pharangh-Jehanghiri, cited by Th. Hyde (p. 132), they are said to be only fifty cubits high; which appears to be the true dimensions. At some distance from these two statues is another of a smaller size, being about fifteen cubits high. Natives and Persian authors, who have mentioned them, agree neither about the sex nor their names. The few Hindus, who live in these countries, say, that they represent Bhim and his consort: the followers of Buddha, that they are the statues of Shahama, and his disciple Salsala. The Mussulmans insist, that they are the statues of Key-Umursh and his consort, that is to say, Adam and Eve; and that the third is intended for Seith or Seth their son; whose tomb, or at least the place where it stood formerly, is shown near Balhac. This is in some measure confirmed by the

the author of the Pharangh-Jehanghiri, who ſays that theſe ſtatues exiſted in the time of Noah; though he gives them different names, and ſuppoſes the third to repreſent an old woman, called Neſr, more generally repreſented with the countenance of a vulture. Theſe ſtatues are ſo much defaced, through the injury of all-devouring time, and the intolerant zeal of the Muſſulmans, that I believe it is difficult to aſcertain their ſex. Travellers do, however, agree that one of them at leaſt is a beardleſs youth; ſome more particularly inſiſt that the ſwelling of the breaſts is remarkably obvious, and that both look towards the eaſt, ſo that, when the ſun riſes, they ſeem to ſmile, but look gloomy in the evening. Their dreſs, as deſcribed to me, is much the ſame with that of the two figures, half buried at Tuct-Ruſtum near Iſtacar in Perſia; with this difference, that the female figure has no head dreſs; but the male has ſuch a tiara as is worn by the ſuppoſed female figure at Tuct-Ruſtum.

Theſe ſtatues were viſited, at leaſt ten or twelve different times, by a famous traveller, called Meyan-Afod-Shah, who is a man highly reſpected, both on account of his deſcent from Mohammed, and his perſonal character. He is well-informed, in affluent circumſtances, through the piety of the faithful, and keeps company with the princes of the country and perſons of the firſt rank. He informed me lately, that theſe two ſtatues are in two different niches, and about forty paces diſtant from each other. That the drapery is covered with embroidery and figured work; which formerly was painted of different colours; traces of which are ſtill viſible. The one ſeems to have been painted of a red colour; and the other, either retains the original colour of the ſtone, or was painted grey. That one certainly repreſents a female, from the beauty and ſmoothneſs of her features, and the ſwelling of her breaſts; the head, being ſo much elevated, is ſecure from inſult below, and is alſo protected from the weather by the projection above. The ſtatue of their ſuppoſed ſon is nearly half a mile diſtant, and about twenty feet high. One of the legs of the male figure is much broken: for the Muſſulmans never march that way with cannon without firing two or three ſhots at them; but from their want of ſkill, they ſeldom do much miſchief. Aurangzebe, it is ſaid, in his expedition to Báhlac, in the year 1646, paſſed that way, and ordered, as uſual, a few ſhots to be fired; one of them took place, and almoſt broke its leg, which bled copiouſly. This, and ſome frightful dreams, made him deſiſt; and the clotted blood, it is ſaid, adheres to the wound, to this day. The miracle is equally believed by the Hindus and Muſſulmans; the former attribute it to the ſuperior power of the Deity, and the latter to witchcraft. According to Dr Hyde, one of theſe ſtatues is called Surkh-But, or the red idol; the other Khink-But, or the gray idol. As to their being hollow, I believe it is an idle tale; at leaſt the travellers I have conſulted knew nothing of it. Between the legs of the male figure is a door leading into a moſt ſpacious temple, the dimenſions of which they could not deſcribe otherwiſe than by ſaying, that it could eaſily hold the camp equipage and baggage of Zeman-Shah, and of his whole army. It is remarkable only for its extraordinary dimenſions: it is dark and gloomy; and there are a few niches, with the remains of ſome figures in *alto-relievo*. At the entrance are ſtationed a few wretched Banyans, who ſell proviſion to travellers. The greateſt part of the Samajes in Tagavi Bámîyan are ſtill inhabited by Muſſulmans, who live promiſcuouſly with their cattle. I have been informed, that there are no other ſtatues than theſe

these three ; but, from the numerous fragments, which are seen through the Tagavis, there must have been several hundreds of them. They show to this day the Samach'h, in which the famous Vaysh composed the Vedas ; and others, where divers holy men gave themselves up to meditation, and the contemplation of the Supreme Being.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CANDLE-LIGHT SKETCHES.—NO. I.

Manufacture of Philosophy.

PHILOSOPHERS, as yet, know nothing, in comparison to what they will know in the future ages of the world. After having discovered those *arcana* which, at present, are reckoned beyond human comprehension, other objects of investigation, connected with the preceding in a manner of which we have now no precise idea, will present themselves, and others again springing from these in endless succession. Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, will then be considered as very tyros in science ; and the philosophy of the eighteenth century, as only the embryo of knowledge !—Ignorance will be banished from the earth—reason will universally prevail, and every man will be a philosopher. That this is not enthusiastic rapture, but a rational conjecture, sanctioned by probability, will appear, if it is considered, that throughout the vast republic of letters in Europe and America, there are many thousands of learned men continually employed in the various departments of philosophy. That some of these are continually making discoveries and improvements in those branches to which they attach themselves.—That these discoveries are carefully communicated throughout the whole body, by means of that greatest of all inventions, the art of printing.—That every single improvement is of the greatest importance, not only on its own account, but likewise in consequence of the new light which it throws upon other subjects of research, and the assistance it affords in accomplishing new discoveries. All the sciences, and all the objects of human knowledge have a connection, more or less intimate, amongst themselves, and the improvement of one quickens and facilitates the progress of the rest. Besides, every discovery becomes the *root* of new branches springing immediately from it, and each of the latter, in time, the root of a new race derived from *it*, like the seeds of a fruitful plant. Every year raises philosophy a step higher, whence it sets out upon new ground. Nor does it proceed in an uniform velocity ; its speed is accelerated as it proceeds ; and, like the motion of a heavy body downward, *vim acquirit eundo.*

From the profound sage, down through all the classes of literati, every one is adding something to the general stock. Let it be considered, therefore, that no improvement is altogether lost ; that every thing becomes of more or less importance, and that knowledge proceeds in a compound ratio. If time is granted, and if some prodigious earthquake does not overthrow the enlightened countries of the globe, it is obvious that philosophy must exceed every limit which we can at present mark out.

Lord Bacon, who must be reckoned the greatest philosopher of his own period, surveyed the attainments of science in the seventeenth century, and pointed out the road to other discoveries, as far as his mental vision could extend. And when his views shall have been completed, another

Bacon

Bacon will arise, and, like him, look back upon past progress, skilfully describe the degree and value of present attainments, and direct the impetus of future exertion to proper objects. Extending our views still farther into futurity, we may dimly descry other great luminaries of science with degrees of knowledge proportionably enlarged, and each of them making successive eras in philosophy. Every one will go beyond the limits of his predecessor, and penetrate further into the unexplored regions. They will look kack upon this *Gothic* age with wonder, and smile at the ignorance of their fathers!

Posthumous Fame.

However great and extensive a man's posthumous fame may be, yet it is not so desireable a thing as may, upon first thoughts, be imagined. We think upon those distinguished characters, who have in former ages adorned human nature, not with warm emotions of delight and cordial affection, but with a kind of awe and admiration, and even this is perhaps not frequently mixed with some degree of envy at their superior greatness. What is more agreeable in itself, and should be studied by every man, is, that his memory may be fondly cherished, and thought upon a pleasing regret, whenever any circumstance occurs which may suggest the recollection of his amiable virtues or elegant accomplishments—when the "joy or grief" for a departed friend thrills along the souls of those whom he left, and they drop a sadly pleasing tear. This truly enviable felicity is to be acquired by cultivating and exercising every tender affection, and by acts of benevolence and regard to all those with whom we are connected. These confer a pleasant satisfaction for the present, and secure a reward to our memory, when we are laid in the grave. Endearing manners, and goodness of heart, will be remembered with more delight and unmixed satisfaction, than the most splendid talents, where these are wanting.

Human Imperfection.

It is not once in a century that the human character is displayed in all that copious variety of excellence of which it is susceptible. Often is the mind which the world is pleased to call great, only partially so. Frequently is the man who is deemed the perfection of human nature, remarkable only for possessing a few excellent qualities, whilst in a great many others, equally valuable and important, he is extremely defective. Thus, in her who is reckoned a beautiful woman, we may discover many personal imperfections; perhaps her complexion is lovely, and her features agreeable, but her carriage and air are ungenteel and embarrassed; she has a charming face, but wants a very handsome figure; she is amiable and interesting, but not a compleat beauty. As in the body, so in the mind. We have seen a character who possessed distinguished merit in one department, whilst in another he had no claim to superior powers.—We have seen a man cultivate those faculties of mind, and those qualities of heart, which endeared to a domestic circle, while he entirely neglected those which would have fitted him to fill, with success and reputation, a situation in a public sphere. We have seen a philosopher utterly unacquainted with active life, and an accomplished man of the world who seldom speculated. But seldom have we known a character exhibit that diversity of pursuit, that variety of cultivation, and unite in itself all those different accomplishments which the soul and body of man are capable of acquiring.

EDINBURGH. *A. M.*

CELESTIAL

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY 1801.

AS the GEORGIUM SIDUS may be conveniently ſeen during this month, the following directions will be uſeful for diſtinguiſhing it from the ſtars that ſurround it. On the firſt of May it ſouths at nine minutes paſt nine in the evening, and will come to the meridian about 3'..56" ſooner every night. The meridian altitude of this planet at *Edinburgh* is 35°..17'; at places whoſe latitude is greater than that of *Edinburgh*, its meridian altitude will diminiſh in the ſame proportion; and at places whoſe latitude is leſs than that of *Edinburgh*, it will increaſe in the ſame proportion. The GEORGIUM SIDUS is ſituated beeween β and γ *Virginis*, and almoſt at an equal diſtance from both *; or, more accurately, it is placed at the vertex of a very oblique angled iſoſceles triangle, at the extremities of whoſe baſe are ſituated the two ſtars already mentioned, and will retain nearly the ſame poſition during the whole of this month.

As we are now ſpeaking of the GEORGIUM SIDUS, it may not, perhaps, be deemed an unpardonable digreſſion, to remark, that the firſt and fourth ſatellites of this planet, or thoſe which were firſt diſcovered by Dr Herſchel, move in orbits which are nearly perpendicular to the plan of the ecliptic; and, what is a ſtill greater deviation from that uniformity which was formerly obſervable in the planetary ſyſtem, that they move from eaſt to weſt, or contrary to the order of the ſigns, while all the other planets, with their ſatellites, move from weſt to eaſt in a quite oppoſite direction †. If the Georgium Sidus moves about its own axis, from weſt to eaſt, like the other planets, which is highly probable, or if any of its other ſatellites move according to the order of the ſigns, the above fact proves to a demonſtration, that the planetary motions are not produced by the circulation of any fluid; and conſequently that the *Carteſian*, the *Leibnitian*, and all other hypotheſes which have that of *Deſcartes* for their foundation, are not only abſurd in themſelves, but contrary to thoſe very motions which they pretend to explain.

Friday, May 1ſt 1801.

The ſouthern ſide of SATURN'S RING is enlightened by the ſun, and, becauſe the earth is depreſſed below its plane, it is at preſent viſible. If we ſuppoſe the greater axis of *Saturn's Ring* to be divided into 100 parts, the breadth of its ſhorter axis will be 248 of thoſe parts; and this ſhorter axis will gradually diminiſh till the year 1803, when it will totally diſappear, as its plane at that time paſſes through the earth.

Saturday, May 2d.

At 3 minutes and 53 ſeconds paſt 12 in the evening, the fourth ſatellite of *Jupiter* will immerge into his ſhadow; and about three hours before this immerſion the four ſatellites of Jupiter are all ſituated towards the eaſt of the planet.

Sunday, May 3d.

The firſt ſatellite of Jupiter will emerge from behind his ſhadow at 28 minutes and 12 ſeconds paſt 10 o'clock in the evening; and immediately after its emerſion all the four ſatellites will be found on the eaſt of Jupiter,

* The longitude of β *Virginis*, on the firſt of May, according to *Dr Bradley*, is 5ˢ..24°..20'..18", and latitude 41'..35" north: the longitude of the *Georgium Sidus* 5ˢ..28°..37'..4", and latitude 40' north: and the longitude of γ *Virginis* 6ˢ..2°..3'..47", and latitude 1°. 22'..24" north.

† See *Supplement* to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. I. Article *Georgium Sidus*.

Jupiter, in the ſame order as they are placed in the ſyſtem, the firſt being neareſt, and the fourth fartheſt from the planet.

Monday, May 4th.

Venus is ſtationary in longitude 2ˢ..12°..13′.

Friday, May 8th.

At half an hour paſt 12 o'clock noon *Saturn* is in conjunction with the *Sun*, whoſe longitude at that time is 1ˢ..17°..22′..45″.

On the ſame evening, at half an hour paſt nine o'clock, the firſt and ſecond ſatellites of Jupiter will be found on the weſt, the firſt being neareſt the plannet, and the third and fourth towards the eaſt of Jupiter, the third being neareſt him.

Thurſday, May 14th.

The planet *Venus* will ſuffer an occultation by the *Moon*. At 40 minutes and 15 ſeconds paſt 7 o'clock in the morning, when *Venus* comes in contact with the obſcure limb of the *Moon*, ſhe is about 2 minutes north of the moon's center; and at 40 minutes paſt eight, when Venus emerges from behind the weſtern limb of the moon, ſhe is about 3 minutes and a half ſouth of the moon's center. At the time of this occultation the longitude of Venus is nearly 2ˢ..11°..21′, and latitude 4 degrees north; the moon's ſemidiameter 14′..54″, her horizontal parallax 54′..42″, and the time of her ſouthing 1ʰ..10′. As the illuminated part is to the obſcure part of the moon's diſc, as 263 to 11737, and as the illuminated part of Venus's diſc will be to the obſcure part of it exactly in the ſame proportion, it will be very entertaining to ſee her immerging behind the unenlightened limb of the moon. For after a part of Venus's diſc is covered by the obſcure limb of the moon, her horns will, on this account, ſeem to be ſeparated from one another, by the interpoſition of a part of the moon's diſc, and will appear as two diſtinct planets, of a triangular form, diminiſhing continually in magnitude till they are totally covered by the diſc of the moon. In order to obſerve this, however, it will be neceſſary to have an excellent teleſcope defended from the lateral rays of the ſun.

Tueſday, May 19th.

At 47 minutes and 31 ſeconds paſt 8 o'clock in the evening, the firſt ſatellite of Jupiter will emerge from behind the ſhadow of the planet; and about two hours after, viz. at 43 minutes and 13 ſeconds paſt ten, the fourth ſatellite will alſo emerge from the ſhadow of Jupiter. After the emerſion of theſe two ſatellites, the ſecond and third will be found on the weſt ſide of Jupiter, the ſecond being neareſt his body.

Thurſday, May 21ſt.

The *Sun* enters *Gemini* at 40 minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon.

On the ſame evening the moon will eclipſe χ *Leonis*, a ſtar of the fourth magnitude, whoſe longitude, according to the catalogue of Dr Bradly, is 5ˢ..11°..45..27″, and latitude 1°..20′..53″ north. At 24 minutes paſt nine in the evening, when the ſtar firſt comes in contact with the eaſtern limb of the moon, it is 9′..30″ ſouth of the moon's center; and at 26 minutes after ten, when it emerges from behind the moon's weſtern limb, it is 4 minutes ſouth of the moon's center. At the time of this occultation, the diameter of the illuminated part is to the diameter of the obſcure part of the moon's diſc, as 7156 to 4844; her ſemidiameter 15′..15″; her horizontal parallax 55′..55″; and the time of her coming to the meridian 6ʰ..46′

Friday, May 22d.

At Greenwich, about 33 minutes after nine in the evening, and at all places ſituated under the ſame parallel of latitude, the ſtar β *Virginis*, whoſe longitude is 5ˢ..24°..30′..18″, and

and latitude 41'..35" north, is in contact with the northern limb of the moon. But as the moon's latitude is at this time north, and as her parallax of latitude is, on this account, to be subtracted from her true in order to obtain her visible latitude, this star will suffer an eclipse to all places which are situated to the north of Greenwich, and to those whose latitude is less than that of Greenwich it will be quite free of the moon's limb, and consequently pass above it.

Saturday, May 23d.

At 34 minutes after four in the morning, the moon is in conjunction with the *Georgium Sidus*, whose geocentric longitude at that time is 5^s..28°..12'..5", and latitude 45 minutes north.

Sunday, May 24th.

The moon will eclipse α *Virginis*, a star of the first magnitude, commonly called *Spica* or *Azimech*, whose longitude is 6^s..21°..4'..24", and latitude 2°..2'..11" south. The occultation begins at 43 minutes past eight o'clock in the evening, at which time the star is 7 minutes south of the moon's center; and at 56 minutes after nine, when the star emerges from behind the western limb of the moon, it is half a minute north of the moon's center. At the time of this occultation, the diameter of the illuminated part is to the diameter of the obscure part of the moon's disc as 10,388 to 1,612; her horizontal semidiameter 15'..57"; her horizontal parallax 58'..32"; and the time of her southing 8^h..57'.

Tuesday, May 26th.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Venus is at her inferior conjunction with the sun. She will then become the *Morning Star*, and be visible in the morning before the rising of the sun.

On the same evening, at 41 minutes and 59 seconds after 10 o'clock, the first satellite of Jupiter will emerge from behind his shadow; and about an hour before this emersion, the fourth satellite will be found on the east, and the second and third on the west side of Jupiter, the second being nearest his body.

Thursday, May 28th.

At nine minutes past two o'clock, in the morning, the moon is in conjunction with α *Scorpionis*, a star of the first magnitude, commonly called *Antares*. Its longitude at this time is 8^s..6°..59'..23", and latitude 4°..32'..17" south.

Saturday, May 30th.

At 24 minutes after 10 o'clock in the evening, the second satellite of Jupiter will emerge from behind the shadow of the planet; and about an hour before this emersion, the fourth satellite is situated on the west, and the first and third on the east side of Jupiter, the first being nearest his body.

EDINBURGH, *Geo. Square*, *April 21st*, 1801. } *D. B.*

STORY OF PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOWS-MENDER.

Concluded from our last, p. 224.

MY haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal, in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's council pleaded for her with so much eloquence that the tears of the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction, when the engraver, who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the ques-

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tion, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated except the eulogium with which he honoured me.—He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorize the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly; when, turning to Aurora, he added in a firm tone of voice; "No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature destines you to become the mother of his child!—Listen to the powerful cry of the infant which you carry in your womb, and then say if you desire to become free while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?"—"No, no!" exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of "No, No!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared, that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name, alledging also that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorize the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum, an injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, or molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have a right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent, crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made to the infant with which she was pregnant.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial; during the decision of which I was little at my ease. Obliged to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known to glide among the crowd, no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent cloaths, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavoured to laugh with the rest, but was horribly abashed to find that even those who amused themselves most at the expence of Aurora were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place—where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where amid an immense population, I could most easily escape observation, and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There, my friend, the poor bellows-mender, with a hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was, during five years, the favourite of fortune, and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to blush at any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking houses of that great city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude toward me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations together with the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept of the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons with carriages, servants, and fine cloaths, none of which were at this time *borrowed*. Fortune had so successfully laboured for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognized me, you may therefore imagine that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial which had interested the city of Lyons five years before, and terminated my question by cursorily enquiring what had become of Aurora and her family? I learnt

I learnt that her father had lately died, that loſſes on the one hand, and oſtentation on the other, joined to the ſums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs ſo embarraſſed, that Aurora, at his deceaſe found herſelf almoſt without reſource, and, in ſome meaſure dependent on the benevolence of the abbeſs of the convent where ſhe had taken refuge. I was alſo informed, that, although whenever Aurora appeared ſhe was ſtill the object of general applauſe, ſhe conducted herſelf with ſo much propriety, that ſhe was not leſs reſpected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was obſerved, had ſuffered her to remain tranquil ſince the trial, without attempting to reclaim his loſt rights,

I did not liſten to theſe recitals without the moſt lively emotion. During five years reſidence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Aurora, the ardour of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved, had abſorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unſuſpected teſtimony of all with whom I converſed in favour of my wife, awakened every latent ſentiment of tenderneſs in my boſom.—The image of Aurora, of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored, again occupied every thought of my ſoul—again throbbed in every pulſe!—I felt how worthleſs was the acquiſition of wealth which ſhe refuſed to ſhare.—I felt that ſhe was neceſſary to my exiſtence;—and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms?—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life?—never to know thoſe parental tranſports, which although I had not experienced, my heart told me muſt be exquiſite?—I could bear theſe cruel reflections no longer—I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my order, aſſembled her father's creditors and diſcharged all his debts, purchaſing for me at the ſame time certain pieces of furniture to which long habit had aſſociated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the leaſt difficult part of my enterprize.

The merchant who had given me ſo ſatisfactory an account of Aurora was a man generally eſteemed. It ſtruck me that I might chooſe him for my confidant, and adviſe with him what plan I ſhould purſue. I knew that his name alone was ſufficient to ſmooth every obſtacle in my path. He was in poſſeſſion of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhone. I requeſted an interview in the moſt ſolitary walk of his grounds, and having obtained his promiſe of inviolable ſecrecy, "You have hitherto," ſaid I, "ſeen in your friend a merchant, who, ſtill young, owes to his talents and his probity, an affluent and honourable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a maſk to the eyes of thoſe whoſe eſteem I moſt value. I have deceived my miſtreſs, let me no longer impoſe upon my friend. You have ſpoken to me of Aurora in a manner the moſt favourable; you know the half of her hiſtory—hear the remainder. You ſee before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, choſen by a ſet of young wags as the inſtrument of their vengeance."—At this unexpected declaration my friend ſtarted back with ſurpriſe. It was eaſy for me to read on his countenance the ſenſations that agitated his mind. "I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for ſome talents, which I have improved by ſelf-education and ſtudy; the generoſity of my employers and fortune have done the reſt. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the eſteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, and I ſhall owe my happineſs to your intervention.

The banker, when he recovered from his aſtoniſhment, aſſured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I ſo ardently deſired. "The abbeſs of the convent where Aurora reſides," ſaid he, "honours me with a certain degree of friendſhip; it is not late, we are near Lyons, let us order horſes and we ſhall ſoon be able to arrange with Aurora herſelf the points which ſeem to you, at preſent, ſo embarraſſing." I adopted this project with fond avidity—I was now no leſs eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze upon Aurora and my child!

The merchant was announced at the convent under his real name, and myſelf as the principal of a great commercial houſe at Paris. We were admitted.—Ah, what a picture preſented itſelf to my view! Aurora, the enchanting Au-

Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a ſeat near the venerable abbeſs. A lovely child ſlept upon her knees, and ſeemed ſo entirely to abſorb all the attention of its mother, that ſhe ſcarcely thought of returning the uſual ſalutations. The firſt inſtant that ſhe threw her eyes on me, I remarked diſtinctly from her involuntary ſtarting, that my preſence recalled ſome diſagreeable ideas; but introduced by a man whom ſhe well knew, and who was honoured with general eſteem, and preſented as the principal of a commercial houſe at Paris, thoſe circumſtances, together with the ſhade of twilight, ſo completely ſet all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her huſband in the ſtranger. My friend opened the converſation by ſome vague obſervations; ſpoke of my ſpeedy departure for Paris, mentioned my having connections with all the great houſes of the capital, and requeſted to know if the abbeſs had any orders with which to honour me—While this converſation paſſed, the infant awoke, and the ſight of ſtrangers, inſtead of ſurpriſing him, led him to ſmile. After having looked at us both with a kind of heſitation, it was toward me that he advanced. O! my friend, repreſent to yourſelf my feelings, when I found myſelf covered with the ſweet careſſes, the innocent kiſſes of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to ſubdue, made me eagerly ſeize him in my arms, and throwing myſelf with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife —"Aurora!—Aurora!" I exclaimed, "your child, your child claims from you a father!—will you ſuffer affection for ever to be vanquiſhed by pride?"—While I uttered theſe words, in a voice half choaked by emotion, Aurora quivered, ſeemed ready to faint, and fixed her wandering eyes alternately on me, and on her child, who clung to her knees, and ſeemed to implore forgiveneſs for his father—At length a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine. —"Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed.—Aurora's only anſwer was to throw herſelf into my arms. "I know not," ſhe ſobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours."—She preſſed me againſt her palpitating heart:—we were unable for a long time to ſpeak—our incontroulable emotion—the careſſes of the child—the tears of my friend—the place itſelf—every thing ſerved to add to our delirium.—"my children," ſaid the abbeſs, looking at us with an eye moiſtened by affection, "you have both performed your duty—Monſieur is too much affected to be a knave; Aurora has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of fooliſh pride. May this marriage, which you ſolemnly renew in my preſence, be more happy than the firſt! May you enjoy that laſting felicity which belongs only to virtue!" Theſe words, pronounced in a ſerious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent ſenſations. I related my hiſtory in its full extent, without ſparing the confeſſion of my faults, and the feelings of my remorſe. I failed not to remark with tranſport, that the hand of Aurora often preſſed mine, while I ſpoke of my projects of tenderneſs; although ſhe teſtified neither pleaſure nor pain when I mentioned the fortunate ſituation of my affairs. The part of my narration which moſt affected her, was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts, and my attention to her feelings, in ſaving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a *fête*. Near his pavilion ſtood a houſe delightfully ſituate, and which the heirs of the proprietor who had lately died, had announced their intention of ſelling. A word which involuntarily eſcaped Aurora, diſcovered to me that this acquiſition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchaſe in her name, and twenty-four hours after I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her diſpoſal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from ſome remains of her former haughtineſs, or from real greatneſs of mind, ſhe expreſſed no ſurprize at finding herſelf miſtreſs of a houſe decorated with the utmoſt taſte and magnificence I found her character much ameliorated by adverſity; I found myſelf beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderneſs!

One happy year had elapſed when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes ſparkling with joy. "My friend," ſaid ſhe,

ſhe, " you will not refuſe the invitation of your wife. I wiſh to give you a dinner in my houſe at Lyons—No objection!—This very morning I am going to ſet off with my ſon—I want to teach him how a ſon ought to do his father the honours of his houſe."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had ſcarcely dawned when I found Aurora under arms; ſhe was ſtill in all the ſplendour of her beauty, and had adorned herſelf with more than her accuſtomed elegance—Dinner was announced, and judge of my ſenſations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the graces themſelves—gueſs who were the gueſts ſhe had aſſembled? my ten engravers themſelves!—my firſt friends—the authors of my fortune, of my marriage. No, my friend, I cannot paint my emotion! During the repaſt, the gayety of Aurora animated all her gueſts with delight and admiration.—After the deſert ſhe led us into the apartment which ſhe had deſtined for me. A ſlight ſpring, touched by Aurora, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to ſurvey them. " O! enchantreſs!" exclaimed my friends, together with myſelf—The firſt picture repreſented the village-ſcene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulſed me with diſdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written, " *Love conquered by Pride.*" The ſecond picture repreſented the ſcene of the preſent day; my ten friends at table—Aurora placed between her happy huſband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to ſmile on both—At the bottom was written, " *Pride conquered by Love.*"

Here, Sir, finiſhes my hiſtory, at leaſt my adventures; my preſent happineſs I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requeſted that the firſt of them ſhould have for his godfather the engraver, whoſe hand ſhe refuſed. This eſtimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which ſhe beſtows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me that ſhe ſhall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and what is ſingular in this affair is, that my ſon is of the ſame opinion.

Poetry.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

ODE TO *INSPIRATION.*

WHEN every ruder breath is ſtill;
When morning miſts becloud the hill;
When ſcarcely o'er the duſky ground
The early *Flowers* flit around;
Ere yet the potent king of day
Hath chas'd thy much-lov'd dews away;
Or daring tread of thoughtleſs ſwain
Thy ſacred, ſilent haunts profane;
Come, *Inſpiration*, let us go,
And view the mountain's hanging brow;
Where horror reigns, o'er rifted rocks,
Liſt'ning, well pleas'd, diſparting ſhocks;
Where, ſtarting echo bids the gale
With ruin threat th' affrighted vale;
While from his cliff, with ſudden ſpring,
The ſcreaming *Hawk* expands the wing.

Why lure theſe rugged ſcenes the heart
Beyond the pow'r of pompous art?
The human ſoul, of pow'rs ſublime,
Bold breaking thro' the bounds of time,
On angel-wing, enraptur'd, ſoars,
And, ardent, heav'nly climes explores!
Now mounts in more exalted courſe;
Now, keen, enquires of nature's ſource;
Urges, from world to world, her flight,
'Till dazzl'd with exceſſive light,
Plume-fall'n, ſhe ſtoops to earth below,
Yet ſtill, in wild ecſtatic glow:
Amid thy holy mountain dews,
Thee, *Inſpiration*, thee ſhe woos!
Diſdains the earth-devoted race,
That, anxious, paltry trifles chace;
And, rapt, with thee, from buſineſs, flies—
O brighteſt daughter of the ſkies—
To where the prone-deſcending flood
Burſts thro' the unfrequented wood;
Or dares the thicket's darkeſt gloom;
Or muſes o'er the mould'ring tomb;
Or views the deſert rock that ſhrouds
His frowning front in low'ring clouds.

Hail, lonely ſcene of nature, hail!
Ye oft have heard the *Druid's* tale,
Erewhile 'mongſt you wild Genius ſtray'd,
Genius in *Celtic* garb array'd—
And, artleſs, pour'd his boldeſt ſtrains,
That ſwell the heart, and thrill the veins.—

Bold

Bold ſtrains your bard's enraptur'd ear;
Ev'n now, or hears, or ſeems to hear—
Ye ſtill poſſeſs a magic charm
The ſongs of later times to warm
To your brown rocks, and ſhades, 'tis giv'n
To wing the poet's way to heav'n;
For with you Contemplation dwells,
And *Inſpiration* haunts your dells.
Still, ſky-born *Inſpiration*, meet
My wandr'ing ſteps near this retreat;
Oft bid my heart with joy rebound
To hear thy *harp's* tranſporting ſound;
When fearce in fleecy eaſtern ſkies
Faint bluſhing *Dawn* begins to riſe;
When cloſing *Eve*, with ſober beam,
Imbrowns hill, dale, rock, wood, and ſtream.
Oh, teach to ſcorn the objects vain
So madly ſought by little men;
To find, and follow virtue's road;
And raiſe the ſong to nature's God.

J. T.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

VERSES

Preſented to an accompliſhed young Lady, with various of the Author's compoſitions.

O! while thine eye in penſive mood ſurveys
The feeble flame around my breaſt that plays,
The ſwelling waves of dire diſguſt controul,
And ſhed the beams of meekneſs o'er thy ſoul.
Though genius blaze not here, nor glorious fame
Shall e'er to after-times repeat my name;
Though, when my eyes in endleſs night ſhall cloſe,
And near my parent ſtream my duſt repoſe,
No poet's feet ſhall haunt my lowly grave,
Nor virgin-planted roſes o'er it wave;
Yet thou, in mildeſt guiſe ſhall ſcan my page,
And rancour's ſtorms with friendly aim aſſuage
Soft as the gale that ſtirs the vernal lake,
The embers of delight thy voice ſhall wake.
If thou, enchanting maid! benignant ſmile,
No fruitleſs toil hath rear'd this humble pile.

D. I.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

SONG.

O LET us leave the town, my love!
And lay us down by Yarrow's ſtream,
Where April gales adown the vales,
Give ſoftneſs to the ſhepherd's dream.
We'll quit the noiſe of public life,
The city's cry, the city's care;
Where ſimple love doth ſeldom rove,
But walks with ſpring on Yarrow fair.

The grove thro' which we ſtray at morn,
Will with its muſic make us glad;
The yellow gleam of ſetting beam
Will ſtill a ſofter influence ſhed:
And ev'ning too, will bring its charms,
Such charms as ſoothe the lover's ſoul,
The moon's mild ray will ſweetly play
On Yarrow's waters, as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
And wrap us in a golden dream,
Tears of delight will dim the ſight,
And Yarrow will an Eden ſeem!
Then let us leave the town, my love,
And lay ourſelves by Yarrow's ſtream,
Where April gales adown the vales
Give ſoftneſs to the lover's dream!

Edinburgh, April. *A. M.*

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

To J. N. *INVERLEITHEN.*

J. N. whether lad or laſs,
Receive a line or twa frae me:
Ken't ye how light the minutes paſs,
Whan I am readin' ought by thee.

'Twad pleaſe your heart to think ye cud
Cheer an auld woman, ſic as me:
Whaſe life, now under heavy clud,
Ne'er hop'd again ſic verſe to ſee.

I live ſae very far awa',
Maiſt frae the warl's bounds I'm free;
But ſpite o' froſts, an' winds, an' ſna',
My auld heart's warm to a' I ſee.

I fear'd, on Robin Burns's grave
The Scottiſh muſe had clos'd her cie,
But ye are living, an' will ſave
Her, yet to lift her name on hie.

Sae now accept a wacfu' ſang,
It is the neareſt I can gi'e:
But gif ye like it, mae, ere lang,
Ow'r true, like it, ye'ſe get frae me.

Aliena.

SONG—Tune, *Gallant Grahams.*

Farewell, ye ſweets o' riſing morn,
Ye chanting burds, ye op'ning flow'rs;
Farewell, thou bonny whit'ning thorn,
Ye primroſe hillocks dank wi' ſhow'rs.

Auld Menay! clear as froſty air,
Whar' ye rin ſkinklen' down the brae,
I'll bathe me in your linns nae mair,
O'erhung wi' hazle, birk, an' ſlae.

O pure Loch Ard*! thy banks now crown'd,
W' ſtately trees and mountains hie;
Thy ſides, wi' water-lilies bound,
Nae mair ſhall glad my tearfu' cie.

But

* The ſource of the River Forth.

But, Oh farewell, my Coſmo dear,
We'll wander thro' yon glen nae mair;
Yeſtreen ye mark'd my falling tear,
And ſpear'd what made my heart ſae fair.

The day ye'll ken my cauſe o' grief,
Yet canna ſhield me frae my fae;
Frae you I durſtna aſk relief,
Nae marvel gin my heart was wae.

Ye'll think me baſe, and fauſe, alas!
It drinks my life to thole your blame;
But I wad cruel been and baſe,
For love o' me to bring you ſhame.

O wae betide our party ſtrife,
It's ance begun, but whan wil't ceaſe?
It breaks my heart, it grieves your life,
O that my death could bring you peace.

I'll keep the parting kiſs you gave,
Mind ye the heavy ſigh I drew;
You're love I'll carry to my grave;
Coſmo, farewell, my heart's wi' you.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

ANSWER TO *C. G. ANSTRUTHER**.

DEAR Lad! wha can ſae ſweetlie ſing
In concert wi' the burds o' ſpring,
An' mak' ſweet Fancy prune her wing
Wi' judgment clear;
What numbers can the *Bardie* bring
To pleaſe thine ear?

Whar' *Leithen* wimples thro' the broom,
An' ruſtlin' breezes breathe perfume,
In my lone cot, to cheer the gloom,
Yeſtreen, I faund
Your *web*, wove in the Muſe's *loom*,
By Fancy's hand.

How proud was I to hear my ſang
Sae roos'd the *Fifan* bards amang!
Quo' I, Now gou'd and gear may hang
High on a woodie!
I'll hug the Muſe, tho' I ſud gang
Baith cauld an' duddie!

Wi' you, wha clink your ſang ſae weel,
Frae care and poortith's claws I'd ſteal,
An' *Meggy's* † mitie kebock heel
I'd chearfu'whang,
An' pledge ye in a double gill
O' *double ſtrang*.

Sometimes I think it rank preſumption
In me to claim the Muſe's gumption,
Or dream I e'er receiv'd the unction
O' *holy water*,
Whilk only fits ane for the function
O' taggin' metre.

At ither times *opinion* traces
My claims to win the Muſe's graces,
Luckleſs, hair-brain'd, fond o' the laſſes,
An' poor in conſcience;
Thus form'd for *Bedlam* or *Parnaſſus*,
To blether nonſenſe!

At e'enin', whan I penſive ſtray,
Aft ſorrow claims the meetin' lay,
An', Frien'ſhip, aft a verſe I pay
For thy embraces:
An' aft I chearfu' rhyme away
To pleaſe the laſſes.

Gude bleſs the laſſes, is my pray'r,
Wi' routh o' joes, devoid o' care,
Lang life be theirs, an' may they ſhare
Weel ſtockit pantries;
An' ſtore o' ale' or better ware,
Be on their gantrees!

Tho' ye're a Weaver, honeſt fock
Will ne'er your humble ſtation mock:
Your frankneſs does me thus provoke
Ha'f-way to meet ye;
Sae I'm a *herd* ‡ that wants a *flock*,
An' mair's the pity!

Alang life's dangerous ſtream I glide,
Toſs'd like a ba' by wind and tide,
Without a friend, without a guide,
Without a guard;
The Muſes only on my ſide:
Poor luckleſs Bard!

But I'm content;—a glorious thing!
Whilk neither wealth nor pow'r can bring;
I've learn'd to clip ambition's wing
That ſoars in air;
And can wi' poortith cheerfu' ſing,
An' laugh at care!

But in your pow the Muſes hive,
An' keep your fancy ay alive:
If I tell lies, let me ne'er thrive
'Mang honeſt focks!
My vera ſides are like to rive
Wi' your bright jocks!

Sae, while I ſing the braes o' *Tweed*,
Tune glorious up your *Fifan* reed;
Ding *Southern* Birkies heels owre head,
Wi' a' their fame!
And ſhaw *Scots* chiels can write and read
As weel as them.

The *Engliſh* taunts there's nae abidin',
Blawnup wi' *Shakeſpear*, *Pope*, an' *Dryden*,
Wha, nae doubt, ſang in numbers ſlidin'!
But wha debar'd us
Frae putin' juſt as muckle pride in
Our ain *Scots* Bardies?

There's

* See laſt Number. p. 226.

† A kind, hoſpitable, old hoſteſs, in a certain village upon the banks of the *Tweed*, at whoſe ſocial *ingle cheek* the *Author* has ſometimes felt the glow of inſpiration.

‡ We are pretty certain that what the Author here ſays is *too* true, but he ought to be underſtood as ſpeaking *parabolically*.

There's *Thomſon*, wha, at heav'n's command,
Snatch'd nature's pencil frae her hand;
Auld *Ramſay*, wham the Muſes ſaund,
An' crown'd wi' bays;
An' *Ferguſon*, whaſe ſangs demand
The meed o' praiſe.

Hail, *Burns!* wha can the heart engage!
Thou ſhame an' glory o' our age!
Thy ſtrang, expreſſive, pictur'd page,
While time remains,
Shall melt, with love, or fire with rage,
Thy native ſwains!

But could our ſangs thrill every nerve,
What better dinner wad we carve?
Poor Scotia! what doſt thou deſerve,
Whan 'tis thy way
To bid us ſing, an' bid us ſtarve
Baith night and day?

Whan clouds in life's dark valley lour
Keen Senſibility's a dow'r,
That whets, in diſappointment's hour,
Her venom'd dart;
And gives to anguiſh tenfold power
To wring the heart!

How happy He! whaſe heart of ſtone
Ne'er thrill'd at miſery's deepenin' tone!
Nor Love, wild-maddenin,'taught to groan;
Nor ever found
That other's ſorrows or his own
The breaſt could wound!

Since firſt in ruſtic verſe I ſlade,
An' roos'd my bonnie black-ie'd maid,
Aft hae I curſt the ſtarvin' trade
O' makin' rhymes;
An' ca'd the Muſe a treach'rous jade,
A thouſand times.

Then, had I wiſelie chang'd my tune,
I might—but, Sir, my paper's done.—
May heaven your Muſe an' wiſhes crown
Wi' joys a rickle;
An' I'm, by a' the Powers aboon,
Yours,
Inverleithen, Apr. 9th. *J—ie N—l.*

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

INSCRIPTION

On a mural tablet in the garden of JOHN RAMSAY, *Eſq. of Ochtertyre, to the memory of the late* DAVID DOIG, *L.L.D. Rector of the Grammar School, Stirling.*

DAVID DOIG!
Diem tempus erit, vale!
Quo deſiderio nunc recordor
Colloquia, cœnas, itinera,
Quæ tecum olim habui?
Prope Taichii marginem,
Ubi læti ſæpe una erravimus,
Sit mihi pro ſolatio merita tua contemplare,
Tibi puero orbo'
Ingenui igniculos dedit Pater cœleſtis.
Tibi etiam grandævo,
Labor ipſe erat in deliciis.
Te vix alius doctrinæ ditior,
Nemo edoctus modeſtior.
Tuo in ſermone miti lucebant
Candor, charitas, jucunda virtus,
Ingenii lumine ſane gratiora.
Defunctum te dolebant octogenarium
Cives, diſcipuli, ſodales.
Venerande Senex!—non omnis extinctus es!
Anima tua, ſperare lubet, paradiſum incolit,
Ibi angelorum ore locutura,
Ibi per ſempiternas ſæculorum ætates,
Scientiæ ſitim in terris inſatiabilem,
Ad libitum expietura.

J. R.

TRANSLATION.

DAVID DOIG!
Farewell through time!
With what regret do I now remember
The converſation, the meals, the journies*,
Which I have had with thee?
On the banks of Teith,
Where well pleaſed we often ſtrayed together,
Be it my conſolation
To muſe upon thy good qualities.
On thee, an orphan, thy heavenly Father
Beſtowed the ſeeds of genius:
To thee, even when well ſtricken in years,
Labour itſelf was delight.
Than thee, few more rich in literature,
None of the learned more unaſſuming.
In thy converſe mildly ſhone
Candour, kindneſs, amiable virtue,
More engaging than the glare of genius.
When thou dieđſt, aged fourſcore,
Townſmen, ſcholars, and companions,
Dropt a tender tear.
Venerable old man!
Thou haſt not utterly periſhed!
Thy ſoul, we truſt, now dwells in heaven;
There to ſpeak the language of angels;
There throughout the endleſs ages of eternity,
To gratify to its wiſh that thirſt for knowledge
Which could not be ſatiated on earth.

Ochtertyre, May, 1800.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN MARCH 1801.

Agriculture—Arts.

GLEANINGS from Books on Agriculture: ſelected from the general Views of the Agriculture of the different Counties, drawn up at the Deſire of the Board of Agriculture; Tranſactions of the

* To Oxford and Cambridge, in 1791, and Peterhead, &c. in 1795.

the London and Bath Agricultural Societies; Marshall's Rural Economy; Young's Tour, &c. &c. 8vo. 4s. Smith, Johnson.

A comparative Statement of the Food produced from arable and grass Land, and the Returns arising from each; with Observations on the late Enclosures and the probable Effects of a general Act for enclosing Commons or Wastes, Heath, &c. Addressed to John Fane, Esq. M. P. by the Rev. Luke Heslop, Archdeacon of Bucks. 4to. 2s. Reynolds.

Communications concerning the Agriculture and Commerce of the United States of America, being an Auxiliary to a Report made by William Strickland, Esq. of York, to the Board of Agriculture, on the Queries wherewith he was charged on his Tour to that Continent. By W. Tatham. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Ridgway.

Communications concerning the Agriculture and Commerce of America: containing Observations on the Commerce of Spain with her American Colonies in Time of War. Written by a Spanish Gentleman in Philadelphia this present Year 1800. With sundry other papers concerning the Spanish Interests. Edited in London by William Tatham. 8vo. 4s. Ridgway.

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Dictionary—Language.

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Law.

A compendious View of the Ecclesiastical Law: being the Substance of a Course of Lectures read in the University of Dublin. By Arthur Browne, Esq. S. P. T. C. D.

Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a ſeat near the venerable abbeſs. A lovely child ſlept upon her knees, and ſeemed ſo entirely to abſorb all the attention of its mother, that ſhe ſcarcely thought of returning the uſual ſalutations. The firſt inſtant that ſhe threw her eyes on me, I remarked diſtinctly from her involuntary ſtarting, that my preſence recalled ſome diſagreeable ideas; but introduced by a man whom ſhe well knew, and who was honoured with general eſteem, and preſented as the principal of a commercial houſe at Paris, thoſe circumſtances, together with the ſhade of twilight, ſo completely ſet all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her huſband in the ſtranger. My friend opened the converſation by ſome vague obſervations; ſpoke of my ſpeedy departure for Paris, mentioned my having connections with all the great houſes of the capital, and requeſted to know if the abbeſs had any orders with which to honour me—While this converſation paſſed, the infant awoke, and the ſight of ſtrangers, inſtead of ſurpriſing him, led him to ſmile. After having looked at us both with a kind of heſitation, it was toward me that he advanced. O! my friend, repreſent to yourſelf my feelings, when I found myſelf covered with the ſweet careſſes, the innocent kiſſes of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to ſubdue, made me eagerly ſeize him in my arms, and throwing myſelf with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife —"Aurora!—Aurora!" I exclaimed, "your child, your child claims from you a father!—will you ſuffer affection for ever to be vanquiſhed by pride?"—While I uttered theſe words, in a voice half choaked by emotion, Aurora quivered, ſeemed ready to faint, and fixed her wandering eyes alternately on me, and on her child, who clung to her knees, and ſeemed to implore forgiveneſs for his father—At length a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine. —"Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed.—Aurora's only anſwer was to throw herſelf into my arms. "I know not," ſhe ſobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours."—She preſſed me againſt her palpitating heart:—we were unable for a long time to ſpeak—our incontroulable emotion—the careſſes of the child—the tears of my friend—the place itſelf—every thing ſerved to add to our delirium.—"my children," ſaid the abbeſs, looking at us with an eye moiſtened by affection, "you have both performed your duty—Monſieur is too much affected to be a knave; Aurora has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of fooliſh pride. May this marriage, which you ſolemnly renew in my preſence, be more happy than the firſt! May you enjoy that laſting felicity which belongs only to virtue!" Theſe words, pronounced in a ſerious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent ſenſations. I related my hiſtory in its full extent, without ſparing the confeſſion of my faults, and the feelings of my remorſe. I failed not to remark with tranſport, that the hand of Aurora often preſſed mine, while I ſpoke of my projects of tenderneſs; although ſhe teſtified neither pleaſure nor pain when I mentioned the fortunate ſituation of my affairs. The part of my narration which moſt affected her, was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts, and my attention to her feelings, in ſaving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a *fête*. Near his pavilion ſtood a houſe delightfully ſituate, and which the heirs of the proprietor who had lately died, had announced their intention of ſelling. A word which involuntarily eſcaped Aurora, diſcovered to me that this acquiſition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchaſe in her name, and twenty-four hours after I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her diſpoſal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from ſome remains of her former haughtineſs, or from real greatneſs of mind, ſhe expreſſed no ſurprize at finding herſelf miſtreſs of a houſe decorated with the utmoſt taſte and magnificence I found her character much ameliorated by adverſity; I found myſelf beloved by her who was the object of alll my tenderneſs!

One happy year had elapſed when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes ſparkling with joy. "My friend," ſaid ſhe,

ſhe, " you will not refuſe the invitation of your wife. I wiſh to give you a dinner in my houſe at Lyons—No objection!—This very morning I am going to ſet off with my ſon—I want to teach him how a ſon ought to do his father the honours of his houſe."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had ſcarcely dawned when I found Aurora under arms; ſhe was ſtill in all the ſplendour of her beauty, and had adorned herſelf with more than her accuſtomed elegance—Dinner was announced, and judge of my ſenſations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the graces themſelves—gueſs who were the gueſts ſhe had aſſembled? my ten engravers themſelves!—my firſt friends—the authors of my fortune, of my marriage. No, my friend, I cannot paint my emotion! During the repaſt, the gayety of Aurora animated all her gueſts with delight and admiration.—After the deſert ſhe led us into the apartment which ſhe had deſtined for me. A ſlight ſpring, touched by Aurora, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to ſurvey them. " O! enchantreſs!" exclaimed my friends, together with myſelf—The firſt picture repreſented the village-ſcene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulſed me with diſdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written, " *Love conquered by Pride.*" The ſecond picture repreſented the ſcene of the preſent day; my ten friends at table—Aurora placed between her happy huſband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to ſmile on both—At the bottom was written, " *Pride conquered by Love.*"

Here, Sir, finiſhes my hiſtory, at leaſt my adventures; my preſent happineſs I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requeſted that the firſt of them ſhould have for his godfather the engraver, whoſe hand ſhe refuſed. This eſtimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which ſhe beſtows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me that ſhe ſhall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and what is ſingular in this affair is, that my ſon is of the ſame opinion.

Poetry.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

ODE TO *INSPIRATION.*

WHEN every ruder breath is ſtill;
When morning miſts becloud the hill;
When ſcarcely o'er the duſky ground
The early *Plovers* flit around;
Ere yet the potent king of day
Hath chas'd thy much-lov'd dews away;
Or daring tread of thoughtleſs ſwain
Thy ſacred, ſilent haunts profane;
Come, *Inſpiration*, let us go,
And view the mountain's hanging brow;
Where horror reigns, o'er rifted rocks,
Liſt'ning, well pleas'd, diſparting ſhocks;
Where, ſtarting echo bids the gale
With ruin threat th' affrighted vale;
While from his cliff, with ſudden ſpring,
The ſcreaming *Hawk* expands the wing.
Why lure theſe rugged ſcenes the heart
Beyond the pow'r of pompous art?
The human ſoul, of pow'rs ſublime,
Bold breaking thro' the bounds of time,
On angel-wing, enrapture'd, ſoars,
And, ardent, heav'nly climes explores!
Now mounts in more exalted courſe;
Now, keen, enquires of nature's ſource;
Urges, from world to world, her flight,
'Till dazzl'd with exceſſive light,
Plume-fall'n, ſhe ſtoops to earth below,
Yet ſtill, in wild ecſtatic glow:
Amid thy holy mountain dews,
Thee, *Inſpiration*, thee ſhe woos!
Diſdains the earth-devoted race,
That, anxious, paltry trifles chace;
And, rapt, with thee, from buſineſs, flies—
O brighteſt daughter of the ſkies—
To where the prone-deſcending flood
Burſts thro' the unfrequented wood;
Or dares the thicket's darkeſt gloom;
Or muſes o'er the mould'ring tomb;
Or views the deſert rock that ſhrouds
His frowning front in low'ring clouds.
Hail, lonely ſcene of nature, hail!
Ye oft have heard the *Druid's* tale,
Erewhile 'mongſt you wild Genius ſtray'd,
Genius in *Celtic* garb array'd—
And, artleſs, pour'd his boldeſt ſtrains,
That ſwell the heart, and thrill the veins.—

Bold

Bold ſtrains your bard's enraptur'd ear;
Ev'n now, or hears, or ſeems to hear—
Ye ſtill poſſeſs a magic charm
The ſongs of later times to warm
To your brown rocks, and ſhades, 'tis giv'n
To wing the poet's way to heav'n;
For with you Contemplation dwells,
And *Inſpiration* haunts your dells.
Still, ſky-born *Inſpiration*, meet
My wand'ring ſteps near this retreat;
Oft bid my heart with joy rebound
To hear thy *harp's* tranſporting ſound;
When ſcarce in fleecy eaſtern ſkies
Faint bluſhing *Dawn* begins to riſe;
When cloſing *Eve*, with ſober beam,
Imbrowns hill, dale, rock, wood, and ſtream.
Oh, teach to ſcorn the objects vain
So madly ſought by little men;
To find, and follow virtue's road;
And raiſe the ſong to nature's God.

J. T.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

VERSES

Preſented to an accompliſhed young Lady, with various of the Author's compoſitions.

O! while thine eye in penſive mood ſurveys
The feeble flame around my breaſt that plays,
The ſwelling waves of dire diſguſt controul,
And ſhed the beams of meekneſs o'er thy ſoul.
Though genius blaze not here, nor glorious fame
Shall e'er to after-times repeat my name;
Though, when my eyes in endleſs night ſhall cloſe,
And near my parent ſtream my duſt repoſe,
No poet's feet ſhall haunt my low'ly grave,
Nor virgin-planted roſes o'er it wave;
Yet thou, in mildeſt guiſe ſhall ſcan my page,
And rancour's ſtorms with friendly aim aſſuage
Soft as the gale that ſtirs the vernal lake,
The embers of delight thy voice ſhall wake.
If thou, enchanting maid! benignant ſmile,
No fruitleſs toil hath rear'd this humble pile.

D. I.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

SONG.

O LET us leave the town, my love!
And lay us down by Yarrow's ſtream,
Where April gales adown the vales,
Give ſoftneſs to the ſhepherd's dream.
We'll quit the noiſe of public life,
The city's cry, the city's care;
Where ſimple love doth ſeldom rove,
But walks with ſpring on Yarrow fair.

The grove thro' which we ſtray at morn,
Will with its muſic make us glad;
The yellow gleam of ſetting beam
Will ſtill a ſofter influence ſhed:
And ev'ning too, will bring its charms,
Such charms as ſoothe the lover's ſoul,
The moon's mild ray will ſweetly play
On Yarrow's waters, as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
And wrap us in a golden dream,
Tears of delight will dim the ſight,
And Yarrow will an Eden ſeem!
Then let us leave the town, my love,
And lay ourſelves by Yarrow's ſtream,
Where April gales adown the vales
Give ſoftneſs to the lover's dream!

Edinburgh, April. *A. M.*

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

To J. N. *INVERLEITHEN.*

J. N. whether lad or laſs,
Receive a line or twa frae me:
Ken't ye how light the minutes paſs,
Whan I am readin' ought by thee.

'Twad pleaſe your heart to think ye cud
Cheer an auld woman, ſic as me:
Whaſe life, now under heavy clud,
Ne'er hop'd again ſic verſe to ſee.

I live ſae very far awa',
Maiſt frae the warl's bounds I'm free;
But ſpite o' froſts, an' winds, an' ſna',
My auld heart's warm to a' I ſee.

I fear'd, on Robin Burns's grave
The Scottiſh muſe had clos'd her cie,
But ye are living, an' will ſave
Her, yet to lift her name on hie.

Sae now accept a waefu' ſang,
It is the neareſt I can gi'e:
But gif ye like it, mae, ere lang,
Ow'r true, like it, ye'ſe get frae me.

Aliena.

SONG—Tune, *Gallant Grahams.*

Farewell, ye ſweets o' riſing morn,
Ye chanting burds, ye op'ning flow'rs;
Farewell, thou bonny whit'ning thorn,
Ye primroſe hillocks dank wi' ſhow'rs.

Auld Menay! clear as froſty air,
Whar' ye rin ſkinklen' down the brae,
I'll bathe me in your linns nae mair,
O'erhung wi' hazle, birk, an' ſlae.

O pure Loch Ard*! thy banks now crown'd,
W' ſtately trees and mountains hie;
Thy ſides, wi' water-lilies bound,
Nae mair ſhall glad my tearfu' cie.

But

* The ſource of the River Forth.

But, Oh farewell, my Cosmo dear,
We'll wander thro' yon glen nae mair;
Yestreen ye mark'd my falling tear,
And spear'd what made my heart sae fair.

The day ye'll ken my cause o' grief,
Yet canna shield me frae my fae;
Frae you I durstna ask relief,
Nae marvel gin my heart was wae.

Ye'll think me base, and fause, alas!
It drinks my life to thole your blame;
But I wad cruel been and base,
For love o' me to bring you shame.

O wae betide our party strife,
It's ance begun, but whan wil't cease?
It breaks my heart, it grieves your life,
O that my death could bring you peace.

I'll keep the parting kiss you gave,
Mind ye the heavy sigh I drew;
You're love I'll carry to my grave;
Cosmo, farewell, my heart's wi' you.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

ANSWER TO *C. G. ANSTRUTHER**.

DEAR Lad! wha can sae sweetlie sing
In concert wi' the burds o' spring,
An' mak' sweet Fancy prune her wing
Wi' judgment clear;
What numbers can the *Bardie* bring
To please thine ear?

Whar' *Leithen* wimples thro' the broom,
An' rustlin' breezes breathe perfume,
In my lone cot, to cheer the gloom,
Yestreen, I fauud
Your *web*, wove in the Muse's *loom*,
By Fancy's hand.

How proud was I to hear my sang
Sae roos'd the *Fifan* bards amang!
Quo' I, Now gou'd and gear may hang
High on a woodie!
I'll hug the Muse, tho' I sud gang
Baith cauld an' duddie!

Wi' you, wha clink your sang sae weel,
Frae care and poortith's claws I'd steal,
An' *Meggy's* † mitie kebock heel
I'd chearfu'whang,
An' pledge ye in a double gill
O' *double strang*.

Sometimes I think it rank presumption
In me to claim the Muse's gumption,
Or dream I e'er receiv'd the unction
O' *holy water*,
Whilk only fits ane for the function
O' taggin' metre.

At ither times *opinion* traces
My claims to win the Muse's graces,
Luckless, hair-brain'd, fond o' the lasses,
An' poor in conscience;
Thus form'd for *Bedlam* or *Parnassus*,
To blether nonsense!

At e'enin', whan I pensive stray,
Aft sorrow claims the meetin' lay,
An', Frien'ship, aft a verse I pay
For thy embraces:
An' aft I chearfu' rhyme away
To please the lasses.

Gude bless the lasses is my pray'r,
Wi' routh o' joes, devoid o' care,
Lang life be theirs, an' may they share
Weel stockit pantries;
An' store o' ale' or better ware,
Be on their gantrees!

Tho' ye're a Weaver, honest fock
Will ne'er your humble station mock:
Your frankness does me thus provoke
Ha'f-way to meet ye;
Sae I'm a *herd* ‡ that wants a *flock*,
An' mair's the pity!

Alang life's dangerous stream I glide,
Toss'd like a ba' by wind and tide,
Without a friend, without a guide,
Without a guard;
The Muses only on my side:
Poor luckless Bard!

But I'm content;—a glorious thing!
Whilk neither wealth nor pow'r can bring;
I've learn'd to clip ambition's wing
That soars in air;
And can wi' poortith cheerfu' sing,
An' laugh at care!

But in your pow the Muses hive,
An' keep your fancy ay alive:
If I tell lies, let me ne'er thrive
'Mang honest focks!
My vera sides are like to rive
Wi' your bright jocks!

Sae, while I sing the braes o' *Tweed*,
Tune glorious up your *Fifan* reed;
Ding *Southern* Birkies heels owre head,
Wi' a' their fame!
And shaw *Scots* chiels can write and read
As weel as them.

The *English* taunts there's nae abidin',
Blawn up wi' *Shakespear*, *Pope*, an' *Dryden*,
Wha, nae doubt, sang in numbers slidin'!
But wha debar'd us
Frae putin' just as muckle pride in
Our ain *Scots* Bardies?

There's

* See last Number. p. 226.

† A kind, hospitable, old hostess, in a certain village upon the banks of the *Tweed*, at whose social *ingle cheek* the *Author* has sometimes felt the glow of inspiration.

‡ We are pretty certain that what the Author here says is *too* true, but he ought to be understood as speaking *parabolically*.

There's *Thomſon*, wha, at heav'n's command,
Snatch'd nature's pencil frae her hand;
Auld *Ramſay*, wham the Muſes ſaund,
An' crown'd wi' bays;
An' *Ferguſon*, whaſe ſangs demand
The meed o' praiſe.

Hail, *Burns!* wha can the heart engage!
Thou ſhame an' glory o' our age!
Thy ſtrang, expreſſive, pictur'd page,
While time remains,
Shall melt, with love, or fire with rage,
Thy native ſwains!

But could our ſangs thrill every nerve,
What better dinner wad we carve?
Poor Scotia! what doſt thou deſerve,
Whan 'tis thy way
To bid us ſing, an' bid us ſtarve
Baith night and day?

Whan clouds in life's dark valley lour
Keen Senſibility's a dow'r,
That whets, in diſappointment's hour,
Her venom'd dart;
And gives to anguiſh tenfold power
To wring the heart!

How happy He! whaſe heart of ſtone
Ne'er thrill'd at miſery's deepenin' tone!
Nor Love, wild-maddenin,'taught to groan;
Nor ever found
That other's ſorrows or his own
The breaſt could wound!

Since firſt in ruſtic verſe I ſtade,
An' roos'd my bonnie black-ie'd maid,
Aft hae I curſt the ſtarvin' trade
O' makin' rhymes;
An' ca'd the Muſe a treach'rous jade,
A thouſand times.

Then, had I wiſelie chang'd my tune,
I might—but, Sir, my paper's done.—
May heaven your Muſe an' wiſhes crown
Wi' joys a rickle;
An' I'm, by a' the Powers aboon,
Yours,
Inverleithen, Apr. 9th. *Y—ie N—l.*

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

INSCRIPTION

On a mural tablet in the garden of JOHN RAMSAY, *Eſq. of Ochtertyre, to the memory of the late* DAVID DOIG, *L.L.D. Rector of the Grammar School, Stirling.*

DAVID DOIG!
Diem tempus erit, vale!
Quo deſiderio nunc recordor
Colloquia, cœnas, itinera,
Quæ tecum olim habui?
Prope Taichii marginem,
Ubi læti fæpe una erravimus,
Sit mihi pro ſolatio merita tua contemplare,
Tibi puero orbo'
Ingenui igniculos dedit Pater cœleſtis.
Tibi etiam grandævo,
Labor ipſe erat in deliciis.
Te vix alius doctrinæ ditior,
Nemo edoctus modeſtior.
Tuo in ſermone miti lucebant
Candor, charitas, jucunda virtus,
Ingenii lumine ſane gratiora.
Defunctum te dolebant octogenarium
Cives, diſcipuli, ſodales.
Venerande Senex!—non omnis extinctus es!
Anima tua, ſperare lubet, paradiſum incolit,
Ibi angelorum ore locutura,
Ibi per ſempiternas ſæculorum ætates,
Scientiæ ſitim in terris inſatiabilem,
Ad libitum expietura.

Y. R.

TRANSLATION.

DAVID DOIG!
Farewell through time!
With what regret do I now remember
The converſation, the meals, the journies*,
Which I have had with thee?
On the banks of Teith,
Where well pleaſed we often ſtrayed together,
Be it my conſolation
To muſe upon thy good qualities.
On thee, an orphan, thy heavenly Father
Beſtowed the ſeeds of genius:
To thee, even when well ſtricken in years,
Labour itſelf was delight.
Than thee, few more rich in literature,
None of the learned more unaſſuming.
In thy converſe mildly ſhone
Candour, kindneſs, amiable virtue,
More engaging than the glare of genius.
When thou dieſt, aged fourſcore,
Townſmen, ſcholars, and companions,
Dropt a tender tear.
Venerable old man!
Thou haſt not utterly periſhed!
Thy ſoul, we truſt, now dwells in heaven;
There to ſpeak the language of angels;
There throughout the endleſs ages of eternity,
To gratify to its wiſh that thirſt for knowledge
Which could not be ſatiated on earth.

Ochtertyre, May, 1800.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN MARCH 1801.

Agriculture.—Arts.

GLEANINGS from Books on Agriculture: ſelected from the general Views of the Agriculture of the different Counties, drawn up at the Deſire of the Board of Agriculture; Tranſactions of the

* To Oxford and Cambridge, in 1791, and Peterhead, &c. in 1795.

the London and Bath Agricultural Societies; Marſhall's Rural Economy; Young's Tour, &c. &c. 8vo. 4s. Smith, Johnſon.

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Thurſday, April 16.

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The following are the names of the Peers ballotted for: The Earl of Chatham, L. P. S. Earl of Weſtmoreland, L. P. S. Duke of Portland, Duke of Montroſe, Earl of Clare, Earl of Weſtmeath, Viſcount Limerick, Lord Loughborough, Lord Grenville, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Hobart.

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to

to this effect, "That the Thanks of the Houſe be given to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, for the very able and judicious diſpoſition made by him of the naval force under his command, for the attack, &c. of the Daniſh ſhips formed in a line of defence, and by means of which the Daniſh Naval Force, in the harbour of Copenhagen, was either taken or deſtroyed on the 2d day of April, 1801,—alſo to Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon, K.B. to Rear-Admiral Graves, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the 49th regiment, and to the Officers, &c. ſerving under their command, for their very able and gallant conduct, &c.—likewiſe to the Seamen and Marines, &c. ſerving on board the Fleet, commanded by the above officers."

Lord Grenville ſaid, the ſhort but comprehenſive eulogium pronounced on the action of the Noble Earl, who was not only an ornament to that Houſe, but to the profeſſion to which he belonged, was infinitely beyond any thing which an individual like himſelf could poſſibly offer: when he heard him ſtate, that in his conception it exceeded any thing ever yet performed by the Britiſh Navy, he felt ſatisfied that every thing was included which could poſſibly be ſaid upon the ſubject; thoſe few emphatic words expreſſed more than the greateſt efforts of oratory from other perſons; he principally roſe to expreſs his own perſonal ſatisfaction at theſe glorious events, and his hope that their advantageous tendency would prove equal to the brilliancy of their atchievement, and that the event would ſhow that the Northern War was terminated as ſoon as it had begun. His Lordſhip then particularly adverted to the great ſhare which Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon had in the atchievement in queſtion, and expatiated upon his ſingular felicity in being chiefly inſtrumental, upon two great and important occaſions, not only in adding to the luſtre of the Britiſh character by ſo gallant a naval exploit, but eſſentially contributing to benefit the political circumſtances of his country.

His Royal Highneſs the *Duke of Clarence* entered into a detail of the late glorious victory. He particularly praiſed the ſelection which had been made of the Officers to conduct the expedition to the Baltic; better could not poſſibly have been made, particularly, he obſerved, in the inſtance of Sir Hyde Parker, and Lord Nelſon, the former having ſignalized himſelf upon a particular occaſion in America, which his Royal Highneſs deſcribed to be a kind of ſervice, in a great degree ſimilar to the paſſage of the Sound. He then adverted to the ſhare which his Noble Friend, Lord Nelſon had in the action, whom he ſtiled the illuſtrious hero of Aboukir, and praiſed the judicious arrangement of the Commander in Chief, in ſelecting that able and gallant Officer for the performance of that part of the ſervice. He praiſed the intripid conduct of Col. Stewart. As an Engliſhman, he had to congratulate the Houſe and the country, on the brilliant ſucceſs in queſtion, and which, he truſted, would produce the moſt beneficial conſequences, and tend to the recovery of a country, to which he, and the Family to which he had the high honour to be a member, were attached by peculiarities, as well as thoſe of affection; his private and perſonal obligations to the gallant Commanders, and thoſe acting under them, who performed ſuch a ſignal ſervice, were of courſe added to thoſe conſiderations in their behalf which he had already advanced to.

Lord Hood made an eulogium on Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon, and all under their command.

The motions were agreed to unanimouſly.

Friday, April 17.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

Mr M'Leod, the Proprietor, Printer, and Publiſher of the Albion, who is now a priſoner in Newgate, under a ſentence of the Court of King's Bench, was brought up for a Breach of Privilege by a Publication in that Paper. Their Lordſhips ſentenced Mr M'Leod to ſix months impriſonment, in Addition to his preſent impriſonment, and to pay a fine of 100l.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, April 14.

The Firſt Report of the Committee of Secrecy was preſented; it ſtated, that the diſaffected perſons in England, taking advantage of the ſcarcity of proviſions, and the Repeal of the acts for Suſpending the Habeas Corpus, and for Preventing Seditious Meetings, had taken the oaths of the United Iriſhmen, and

and had raiſed tumults in many parts of England, and that it would be neceſſary immediately to renew theſe Acts.

The bill for renewing the Suſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act, was brought in, read a firſt, ſecond, and third time, and paſſed, after ſome oppoſition from Sir Francis Burdett, Mr Tierney, Mr Sheridan, and Mr Nicholls. The Houſe divided—For the ſecond reading 190—Againſt it 34—Majority 156.

Thursday, April 16.

THANKS TO SIR HYDE PARKER, LORD NELSON, &c.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*.—"I riſe, Sir, to move the Thanks of this Houſe to thoſe diſtinguiſhed Officers and gallant Men to whom we are indebted for the ſucceſs which, as far as it could be detailed by official communication, is now univerſally known, through the medium of authentic publication. Sir, I have the ſatisfaction to feel, and expreſs, that no atchievement of the preſent war, coupled with all its circumſtances, has contributed more to the advancement of our intereſts, to the glory of our efforts, or which has contributed more towards ſuſtaining the conteſt in which we are engaged, and bringing it to a glorious termination, than that to which I am now calling the attention of the Houſe—I mean the late brilliant victory over the Daniſh Fleet. Sir, the plan, which has been ſo ſucceſsfully carried into execution, was a plan deviſed by thoſe who were in his Majeſty's Councils at an early period of the preſent year. Preparations for carrying that plan into effect were made ſoon after. The plan itſelf was adopted by thoſe who are now the confidential ſervants of the crown, and executed under the direction of that knowledge, that ſkill, and general ability, which all who are acquainted with the promptitude, the vigour, the diſpatch, which have marked all the efforts, and the glorious effects of many of the actions of that character which now preſides over the Admiralty, will be moſt ready to admire. For the execution, however, of that plan, the great and eminent talents of Sir Hyde Parker, of the renowned Lord Nelſon, and the juſtly admired Admiral Graves, were employed; to which was added, the ability of a gallant and juſtly eſteemed officer, whom we have the honour and happineſs of recognizing as a Member of our own Bod (Colonel Stewart,) who commanded a military force. Sir, this armament, thus provided with knowledge, ſkill and valour, proceeded to the mouth of the Sound, where they arrived on the 30th of the laſt month, after encountering conſiderable difficulties. Sir, I will not enter into particulars at all; I can only ſay, that they are only ſo many proofs of gallantry, ſkill, and vigour, in the commanders, diſcipline and courage in the men. From the Sound the Fleet advanced to the inner road of Copenhagen. It was impoſſible for all the fleet to come into action, but the ſame courage animated all. Sir Hyde Parker, with that ſkill and judgment, for which he is ſo juſtly eminent, ſelected thoſe who were moſt fit for theſe different ſtations, for the purpoſe of carrying on the attack on the line of battery at the entrance of the harbour. In that ſelection it would naturally occur to him, as it did occur, to conſider that the ſplendour and renown of Lord Nelſon pointed him out as the fitteſt officer to take the active conduct of the attack, which, agreeably to his known ſpirit, he had before offered, and I am happy to add, that the Conqueror of Aboukir did not ſhow more ſkill and bravery than the Victor of Draco at the harbour of Copenhagen: but the merit of Lord Nelſon did not reſt there.—After having deſtroyed the whole line of battery, and obtained an entire triumph; anxious to prevent the effuſion of human blood, ſtill recurring to, and retaining what he knew to be the principle on which he was inſtructed to act, and which was indeed moſt ſincerely the wiſh of his Majeſty's Government, Lord Nelſon renewed, by a Meſſage to the Crown Prince, thoſe pacific offers which had been repeatedly made, and to the failure of which alone, he ſaid, muſt be attributed the diſaſters, which might befal Copenhagen. After having deſtroyed the line of defence, under one of the heavieſt fires which, an experienced Officer declared, he ever felt, Lord Nelſon retired to his cabin, and wrote a letter to the Prince Royal of Denmark, expreſſing his deſire that a flag of truce might be ſent on ſhore; ſtating, that if ſuch permiſſion was denied, he would deſtroy the veſſels and the floating batteries; and if ſo, he could not be anſwerable for the lives of the brave Danes, by whom they were defended. Theſe were his words.—In reply, the

Prince

Prince Royal desired to know, how a proposition for a truce came from him who had been successful.—Lord Nelson replied, that the object of his mission was not the destruction of a brave people, but to maintain the rights of his King and Country. His motives were humanity; he wished to spare the effusion of human blood; and that no victory would be so gratifying to him, as that which united the dispositions of his gracious Sovereign and those of a Prince with whom he was desirous to continue in that harmony which had so long subsisted between them. Struck with the magnanimity and singular generosity of such a message from a Conqueror, the Prince instantly acceded to the proposal. In consequence of this, Lord Nelson went on shore. He was received on shore by a brave and generous people. (for such they proved themselves to be, who had lost sight of their recent disaster) with the loudest acclamations of admiration. He was received by the Prince of Denmark also in a manner which does honour to that Prince. I am not at liberty to detail the particulars as I have received them from my Noble Friend, stating what passed on that occasion, but I can assure the House he displayed the politics of an able statesman as eminently as he had formerly those of a gallant and victorious naval officer.—He was received by Prince and People in a manner which did honour to them, and to himself.—I should not, however, do justice to the feelings expressed by Lord Nelson, if I did not introduce the name of Admiral Graves, of whom he speaks in the terms of the highest encomium: but he makes no invidious distinction of any kind, although some are prominent in his approbation. He says, that all the Officers and all the men, did their duty most faithfully and ably. Sir, I will detain the House no longer than to add, if—what I trust in God will never happen—if, instead of victory, we should have met defeat—if, instead of complete success we should have met disaster—the firmness of this country would have remained unshaken—It would not have led us to propose or accept terms inconsistent with our vital interest or honour, If, therefore, we feel that we should have continued firm though disaster had befallen us, so shall we be moderate in the hour of triumph; and although our success were tenfold greater than it is (if that were possible; or if, in the course of human affairs, such an event could happen to this or any nation upon earth,) such success would not diminish the sincere and most earnest disposition on our part, to accomplish the main object for which this war was undertaken, that of obtaining Peace on safe and honourable terms. I shall now move you, Sir,

"That the Thanks of this House be given to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, for his able and judicious disposition of the force under his command, by which the Danish Fleet and batteries, composing the defence of the harbour of Copenhagen, were taken and destroyed on the 2d of April 1801."

Lord Hawkesbury rose to join his tribute of applause to our gallant Officers and Sailors, for their incomparable conduct upon this occasion.—His Right Hon. Friend had stated the particulars of this action so fully and so clearly, that he should not say any thing upon that part of the subject. He should only observe, that it was with sincere satisfaction, his Majesty's Ministers could reflect, that none of the blood which had been shed, could be attributed to them, that no effort had been spared by them to avert the consequences which ensued, and that propositions of the most pacific nature had been made to the last day, nay, almost to the last hour, and, which he was sorry to say, had been met with principles of a very opposite nature. It undoubtedly must be a great satisfaction to his Majesty's present Ministers, and those whom they succeeded, that they had been driven by the enemy to the measures they had adopted, and that every effort had been used by them to avoid proceeding to extremities. He begged to express his entire concurrence in the sentiments which had fallen from his Right Hon. Friend in the latter part of his speech; he trusted that his Majesty's Government would not be led by success to forget that system of moderation, conciliation, and peace, which, for the interest of this country and of all Europe, they had thought proper to adopt. What might be the result of their pacific efforts it was impossible for him to state, because it must, in a great degree, depend upon the enemy. It was the duty of Ministers to support the honour and dignity of the country, and with that view they should think the most

moſt fortunate reſult that could attend this Victory, would be its leading to the General Pacification of Europe.

Mr Pitt ſaid, he only roſe to detain the Houſe one moment, to declare his ſincere concurrence in every ſentiment which had fallen from his Right Hon. Friend.

Mr Grey ſaid, he was anxious to expreſs his gratitude to our gallant Commanders and Sailors; indeed upon this ſubject he was ſure there could not be one diſſenting voice. But he was not only ready to give his thanks to the Officers and Sailors, but he thought himſelf bound in candour and juſtice to give credit to Government for the promptitude they had ſhewn upon that occaſion. He was not only diſpoſed to give every praiſe to the Noble Lord now at the head of the Naval Department, but to his Noble Predeceſſor. He roſe with great ſatisfaction upon the preſent occaſion, becauſe he heard Miniſters profeſs ſentiments of moderation in the hour of Victory, he was therefore led to hope that this great ſucceſs would lead to ſincere Negociation and Peace. His ſatisfaction upon this occaſion was increaſed, becauſe he had not only to applaud the gallant exertions of our Navy, but he had alſo to praiſe that which was always the concomitant of true courage, viz. Humanity. He believed this was the firſt Notification the Houſe of Commons had of the Country being engaged in Hoſtilities, was a Motion of Thanks for a Victory.

Mr Sheridan ſaid, he concurred entirely in the ſentiments of his Hon. Friend (Mr Grey.) With reſpect to the Maritime rights of this country, his opinion upon that point remained unaltered; as to the queſtion before the Houſe, if the language with which they expreſſed their gratitude was too weak, it was only becauſe no language was ſtrong enough to expreſs our feelings.

The motion was then agreed to Unanimouſly, as alſo were ſeparate motions to the following purport:

"That the Thanks of this Houſe be given to Vice-Admiral Nelſon, to Rear-Admiral Graves, and to Lieut. Colonel Stewart, and to all the Officers under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, and to the Seamen, Marines, and Soldiers, on board the Fleet."

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*—"I have now, Sir, to perform a duty to which I am impelled by every feeling of affection and gratitude; it is to move, that a tribute of reſpect and gratitude on the part of the Public, be paid to the memory of two diſtinguiſhed officers who fell in the late glorious action—Sir, I will not dwell on that topic:—Theſe Officers ſerved their country moſt ably and faithfully, and in the glorious conteſt they fell! Sir, I move,

"That an humble addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, praying he will be graciouſly pleaſed to give directions for a monument to be erected in St Paul's Cathedral in London, to the Memory of the late Captains Moſſe and Riou, who fell in the late glorious engagement off the harbour of Copenhagen; and to aſſure his Majeſty that this Houſe will make good the expence attending the ſame," &c.

I am ſure the Houſe may repoſe full confidence that the relatives of theſe Officers will receive every conſolation they can derive from the paternal kindneſs of their Sovereign, as well as the reſpect and gratitude of the country."

The motion was then put and carried Unanimouſly.

Friday, April 17.

The Seditious meetings bill was reported and ordered to be read a third time on Monday next.—[It is to be in force for ſix weeks after the next meeting of Parliament.]

In a Committee on the bank note forgery bill,

The *Lord Advocate* objected to the clauſe which related to Scotland, as the bill would be particularly injurious to the banks of that country, and particularly that of Aberdeen, by obliging it to alter all its bills, and change the ſpiral lines now uſed to ſuch as were preſcribed by this bill. He therefore hoped that the meaſure would not be precipitated.

The *Attorney General* ſaid, there was no other bank in Scotland, but that of Aberdeen, to which the objection was applicable; and that it would not be right to interrupt a meaſure of ſo much public importance, and impeding the immenſe circulation of the bank of England notes, for a particular inconvenience which may not coſt more than 5l. for a new plate, and conſume a few additional quires of paper. In order, however, to give time for offering any ſtronger objections, he ſhould not object to a ſhort delay.

The

The Committee then reported progreſs, and obtained leave to ſit again on Tueſday next.

The Barley malting bill went through a Committee, and was ordered to be reported on Monday next.—Adjourned.

Monthly Regiſter for April 1801.

Interesting Intelligence from the London Gazettes.

Admiralty-Office, April 15.

Captain Otway, of his Majeſty's ſhip the London, arrived in town this morning with diſpatches from Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Commander in Chief of a Squadron of his Majeſty's ſhips employed on a particular ſervice, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated on board the London, in Copenhagen Roads, the 6th inſt. of which the following are copies.

SIR,

YOU will be pleaſed to acquaint the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that ſince my letter of the 23d of March, no opportunity of wind offered for going up the Sound until the 25th, when the wind ſhifted in a moſt violent ſquall from the S. W. to the N. W. and North, and blew with ſuch violence, and, with ſo great a ſea, as to render it impoſſible for any ſhip to have weighed her anchor. The wind and ſea were even ſo violent as to oblige many ſhips to let go a ſecond anchor to prevent them from driving, notwithſtanding they were riding two cables an end; and, by the morning, the wind veered again to the ſouthward of the weſt. On the 30th of laſt month, the wind having come to the northward, we paſſed into the Sound with the fleet, but not before I had aſſured myſelf of the hoſtile intentions of the Danes to oppoſe our paſſage, as the papers marked No. 1, 2, 3, and 4, will prove; after this intercourſe, there could be no doubt remaining of their determination to reſiſt.

After anchoring about five or ſix miles from the Iſland of Huin, I reconnoitred with Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon, and Rear-Admiral Graves, the formidable line of ſhips, radeaus, pontons, galleys, fire-ſhips, and gun-boats, flanked and ſupported by very extenſive batteries on the two Iſlands called the Crowns; the largeſt of which was mounted with from fifty to ſeventy pieces of cannon; theſe were again commanded by two ſhips, of ſeventy Guns, and a large frigate in the Inner Road of Copenhagen, and two ſixty-four gun ſhips, (with maſts,) were moored on the Flat, on the ſtar-board ſide of the entrance into the arſenal.—The day after, the wind being ſouther-ly, we again examined their poſition, and came to the reſolution of attacking them from the ſouthward.—Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon having offered his ſervices for conducting the attack, had, ſome days before we entered the Sound, ſhifted his flag to the Elephant; and after having examined and buoyed the outer channel of the middle-ground, his Lordſhip proceeded with the twelve ſhips named in the margin, (Elephant, Defiance, Monarch, Bellona, Edgar, Ruſſell, Ganges, Glatton, Iſis, Agamemnon, Polyphemus, Ardent,) all the frigates, bombs, fire-ſhips, and all the ſmall veſſels, and that evening anchored off Draco Point, to make his diſpoſition for the attack, and wait for the wind to the ſouthward.—It was agreed between us, that the remaining ſhips with me ſhould weigh at the ſame moment his Lordſhip did, and menace the Crown batteries, and the four ſhips of the line that lay at the entrance of the arſenal; as alſo to cover our diſabled ſhips as they came out of action.

I have now the honour to incloſe a copy of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon's report to me of the action on the 2d inſt. His Lordſhip has ſtated ſo fully the whole of his proceedings of that day, as only to leave me the opportunity to teſtify my entire acquieſcence and teſtimony of the bravery and intrepidity with which the action was ſupported throughout the line. Was it poſſible for me to add any thing to the well-earned renown

of

of Lord Nelſon, it would be by aſſerting, that his exertions, great as they have heretofore been, never were carried to a higher pitch of zeal for his country's ſervice. I have only to lament that the ſort of attack, confined within an intricate and narrow paſſage, excluded the ſhips particularly under my command from the opportunity of exhibiting their valour; but I can with great truth aſſert, that the ſame ſpirit and zeal animated the whole of the fleet; and I truſt that the conteſt in which we are engaged, will, on ſome future day, afford them an occaſion of ſhewing that the whole were inſpired with the ſame ſpirit, had the field been ſufficiently extenſive to have brought it into action. It is with the deepeſt concern I mention the loſs of Captains Moſs and Riou, two very brave and gallant officers, and whoſe loſs, as I am well informed, will be ſenſibly felt by the families they have left b hind them; the former a wife and children, the latter, an aged mother. From the known gallantry of Sir Thomas Thompſon on former occaſions, the naval ſervice will have to regret the loſs of the future exertions of that brave officer, whoſe leg was ſhot off. For all other particulars I beg leave to refer their Lordſhips to Captain Otway, who was with Lord Nelſon in the latter part of the action, and able to anſwer any queſtions that may be thought neceſſary to put to him. A return of the killed and wounded you will receive herewith. I have the honour to be, &c.

H. Parker.

P. S. The promotions and appointments that have taken place on this occaſion will be ſent by the next opportunity that offers; but I cannot cloſe this without acquainting their Lordſhips, that Captain Moſs being killed very early in the action, Lieutenant John Yelland continued it with great ſpirit and good conduct; I muſt, therefore, in juſtice to his merit, beg leave to recommend him to their Lordſhips favour.

No. I.

London, in the Cattegat, March 27, 1801.

From the hoſtile tranſactions of the Court of Denmark, ſending away his Britannic Majeſty's Charge d'Affaires, the Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's fleet is anxious to know what the determination of the Daniſh Court is, and whether the Commanding Officer of Cronenberg Caſtle has received orders to fire upon the Britiſh Fleet as they paſs into the Sound, as he muſt deem the firing of the firſt gun a declaration of war on the part of Denmark.

(Signed) *Hyde Parker.*

Tranſlation, No. II.

ANSWER, *Cronenberg, March* 28.

In anſwer to the Admiral's honoured letter, I have to inform him, that no orders are given to fire on the Engliſh fleet; an expreſs is gone to Copenhagen, and ſhould any orders be ſent, I ſhall immediately ſend an officer on board to inform the Admiral.

(Signed) STRICKER, *Governor.*

Tranſlation, No. III.

Cronenberg Caſtle, March 28, 1801.

In anſwer to your Excellency's letter, which I did not receive till the following day at half-paſt eight, I have the honour to inform you, that his Majeſty the King of Denmark did not ſend away the Charge d'Affaires, but that upon his own demand he obtained a paſſport.

As a ſoldier I cannot meddle with politics, but I am not at liberty to ſuffer a fleet, whoſe intention is not yet known, to approach the guns of the caſtle which I have the honour to command.

In caſe your Excellency ſhould think proper to make any propoſals to his Majeſty the King of Denmark, I wiſh to be informed thereof before the fleet approaches nearer to the caſtle. An explicit anſwer is deſired.

(Signed) *Stricker.*

ANSWER.

On board the London, March 29th 1801, *One A.M.*

SIR—In anſwer to your Excellency's note juſt now received, the underſigned has only to reply, that, finding the intentions of the Court of Denmark to be hoſtile againſt his Britannic Majeſty, he regards the anſwer as a declaration of war, and therefore, agreeable to his inſtructions, can no longer refrain from hoſtilities, however reluctant it may be to his feelings; but at the ſame time wi l be ready to attend to any propoſals of the Court of Denmark for reſtoring the former amity and friendſhip which had

had for ſo many years ſubſiſted between the two Courts.

(Signed) *H. Parker.*

His Excellency the Governor of Cronenberg Caſtle.

Elephant, off Copenhagen,
April 3, 1801.

SIR,

In obedience to your directions to report the proceedings of the ſquadron named in the margin *, which you did me the honour to place under my command, I beg leave to inform you, that having, by the aſſiſtance of that able officer, Capt. Riou, and the unremitting exertions of Capt. Briſbane, and the Maſters of the Amazon and Cruizer, in particular, buoyed the channel of the outer deep, and the poſition of the middle ground, the ſquadron paſſed in ſafety, and anchored off Draco the evening of the 1ſt; and that yeſterday morning I made the ſignal for the ſquadron to weigh, and to engage the Daniſh line, conſiſting of ſix ſail of the line, eleven floating batteries, mounting from twenty-ſix twenty-four pounders, to eighteen eighteen-pounders, and one bomb-ſhip, beſides ſchooner gun-veſſels. Theſe were ſupported by the Crow Iſlands, mounting eighty-eight cannon, and four ſail of the line moored in the harbour's mouth, and ſome batteries on the Iſland of Amak. The bomb-ſhip and ſchooner gun-veſſels made their eſcape, the other ſeventeen ſail are ſunk, burnt, or taken, being the whole of the Daniſh line to the ſouthward of the Crown Iſlands, after a battle of four hours.

From the very intricate navigation, the Bellona and Ruſſel unfortunately grounded, but although not in the ſituation aſſigned them, yet ſo placed as to be of great ſervice. The Agamemnon could not weather the ſhoal of the Middle, and was obliged to anchor: But not the ſmalleſt blame can be attached to Capt. Fancourt; it was an event to which all the ſhips were liable. Theſe accidents prevented the extenſion of our line by the three ſhips before mentioned, who would, I am confident, have ſilenced the Crown Iſlands, the two outer ſhips in the harbour's mouth, and prevented the heavy loſs in the Defiance and Monarch, and which unhappily threw the gallant and good Capt. Riou (to whom I had given the command of the frigates and ſloops named in the margin †, to aſſiſt in the attack of the ſhips at the harbour's mouth,) under a very heavy fire; the conſequence has been the death of Capt. Riou, and many brave officers and men in the frigates and ſloops. The bombs were directed and took their ſtations abreaſt of the Elephant, and threw ſome ſhells into the arſenal. Captain Roſe, who volunteered his ſervices to direct the gun-brigs, did every thing that was poſſible to get them forward, but the current was too ſtrong for them to be of ſervice during the action; but not the leſs merit is due to Capt. Roſe, and I believe all the officers and crews of the gun-brigs, for their exertions. The boats of thoſe ſhips of the fleet, who were not ordered on the attack, afforded us every aſſiſtance; and the officers and men who were in them merit my warmeſt approbation.—The Deſirée took her ſtation in raking the ſouthernmoſt Daniſh ſhip of the line, and performed the greateſt ſervice.

The action began at five minutes paſt ten. The van, led by Capt. George Murray of the Edgar, who ſet a noble example of intrepidity, which was as well followed up by every Captain, Officer, and man, in the ſquadron. It is my duty to you to ſtate the high and diſtinguiſhed merit and gallantry of Rear-Admiral Graves. To Capt. Foley, who permitted me the honour of hoiſting my flag in the Elephant, I feel under the greateſt obligations: His advice was neceſſary on many and important occaſions during the battle.—I beg leave to expreſs how much I feel indebted to every Captain, Officer, and Man, for their zeal, and diſtinguiſhed bravery on this occaſion. The Hon. Colonel Stewart did me the favour to be on board the Elephant, and himſelf, with every officer and ſoldier under his orders, ſhared with pleaſure the toils and dangers of the day. The loſs in ſuch a battle has naturally been very heavy:—Amongſt many other brave officers and men who were killed, I have with ſorrow to place the name of Captain Moſs of the Monarch,

* Elephant, Defiance, Monarch, Bellona, Edgar, Ruſſel, Ganges, Glatton, Iſis, Agamemnon, Polyphemus, Ardent, Amazon, Deſirée, Blanche, Alcmene; ſloops, Dart, Arrow, Cruizer, and Harpy; fire ſhips, Zephyr and Otter; bombs, Diſcovery, Sulphur, Hecla, Exploſion, Zebra, Terror, and Volcano.

† Blanche, Alcmene, Dart, Arrow, Zephyr, and Otter.

narch, who has left a wife and six children to lament his loss; and amongst the wounded, that of Captain Sir Thomas B. Thompson, of the Bellona.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Nelson & Bronte.

List of the killed and wounded in the attack on the enemy's line of defence, batteries, &c. on the 2d of April, 1801.

Edgar—24 seamen, 2 marines, 3 soldiers of the 49th regiment, killed; 79 seamen, 17 marines, 8 soldiers of the 49th regiment, wounded. Total 133.

Monarch—35 seamen, 12 marines, 8 soldiers of the 49th regiment, killed; 101 seamen, 33 marines, 20 soldiers of the 49th regiment, wounded. Total 210.

Bellona—9 seamen, 2 marines, killed; 48 seamen, 10 marines, 5 soldiers, wounded. Total 74.

Defiance—17 seamen, 3 marines, 2 soldiers, killed; 35 seamen, 5 marines, 7 soldiers, wounded. Total 69.

Isis—32 seamen, 4 marines, 2 soldiers of the Rifle corps, killed; 69 seamen, 13 marines, 2 soldiers of the Rifle corps, wounded. Total 112.

Amazon—10 seamen, 1 marine, killed; 16 seamen, 5 marines, wounded. Total 32.

Glatton—17 killed; 34 wounded. Total 51.

Defirée—5 wounded.

Blanche—6 seamen, 1 marine, killed; 7 seamen, 2 marines, wounded. Total 16.

Polyphemus—4 seamen, 1 marine, killed; 20 seamen, 4 marines, wounded. Total 29.

Elephant—4 seamen, 3 marines, 1 soldier of the Rifle corps, killed; 8 seamen, 1 marine, 2 soldiers of the Rifle corps, wounded. Total 89.

Alcmene—5 seamen killed; 12 seamen, 2 marines, wounded. Total 19.

Dart—2 killed, 1 wounded. Total 3.

Ganges—5 killed, 1 missing. Total 6.

Ruffel—5 seamen, 1 marine, wounded. Total 6.

Ardent—29 seamen and marines killed; 64 seamen and marines wounded. Total 93.

Officers Killed.

Edgar—Edmund Johnson, First Lieutenant; Lieut. Benjamin Spencer, Marines.

Defiance—George Grey, Lieutenant; Matthew Cobb, Pilot.

Elephant—Captain James Bawden, of the Cornish Miners, Volunteer in the Rifle corps; Mr Henry Yaulden, Master's mate.

Polyphemus—Mr James Bell, Midshipman.

Isis—Mr Daniel Lamond, Master; Mr Henry Long, Lieutenant of the Marines; Mr George M'Kinlay, Mr Thomas Ram, Midshipmen; Mr Grant, Lieutenant of the Rifle corps.

Ganges—Mr Robert Stewart, Master.

Dart—Mr Edward Sandy's, Lieutenant.

Glatton—Mr Alexander Nicholson, Pilot.

Monarch—Captain Robert Mosse.

Amazon—Captain Edward Riou; Hon. George Tucket, Midshipman; Mr Jos. Rose, Captain's clerk.

Ardent—Mr George Hoare, Midshipman.

Officers Wounded.

Edgar—Joshua Johnson, second Lieutenant; William Goldfinch, fifth Lieutenant; Mr Gagahan, Mr Whimper, Mr Ridge, Mr Proctor, Mr Domett, midshipmen, slightly.

Defiance—Mr Peterson, boatswain; Mr Galloway, midshipman; Mr Niblet, Captain's clerk; Mr Stephenson, pilot.

Elephant—Mr Robert Gill, midshipman of the Saint George; Mr Hugh Mitchell, midshipman.

Alcmene—Mr Henry Baker, acting third Lieutenant; Mr Charles Meredith, Lieutenant of the Marines; Mr Charles Church, boatswain; Mr G. A. Spearing, Master's mate; Mr Pratt, pilot.

Polyphemus—Mr Edward Burr, boatswain.

Defiree—Mr King, Lieutenant, slightly.

Isis—Mr Richard Cormack, Lieutenant; Mr Ruben Fain, Mr Simon Fraser, Mr Charles Jones, midshipmen.

Ganges—Mr Isaac Davis, pilot, baldly.

Glatton—Mr Tindall, Lieutenant; Mr Robert Thomson, master's mate; Mr John Williams, midshipman.

Monarch—Mr William Minchin, Lieutenant; Mr James Marrie, Lieutenant of Marines; Mr James Dennis, Lieutenant of the 49th regiment; Mr Henry Swymmer, Mr W. J. Bowes, Mr Thomas Harlowe, Mr George Morgan, Mr Philip Le Vescoute, midshipmen;

midſhipmen; Mr William Joy, boatſwain.

Bellona---Sir T. B. Thompſon, Bart. Captain, loſt his leg; Mr Thomas Southey, Lieutenant; Mr Thomas Wilts, Lieutenant, ſlightly; Captain Alexander Sharp, of the 49th regiment, badly; Mr James Emmerton, maſter's mate; Mr —— Anderſon, Mr Edward Daubenny, Mr William Sitford, Mr Fig, midſhipmen.

Amazon---Mr James Harry, Mr Philip Horne, maſter's mate.

Killed.

Officers, - - -	20
Seamen, Marines, and Soldiers,	234
	254

Wounded.

Officers, - - -	48
Seamen, Marines, and Soldiers,	641
	689
Total killed and wounded,	943

*** In printing the returns of the killed and wounded in the Gazette, there is a miſtake:—The total of the killed and wounded in the Elephant is there ſet down at 89, it ſhould be 19.—This reduces the general total to 875, which agrees with Earl St Vincent's letter to the Lord Mayor.

From the London Gazette, April 21.

Admiralty Office, April 21.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels employed on a particular Service, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. Secretary to the Admiralty, dated on board his Majeſty's ſhip London, Copenhagen in Road, the 9th April 1801.

SIR,

The Hon. Lieut.-Col. Stewart having volunteered his ſervices, by being the bearer of theſe diſpatches, I have accepted thereof, on a belief that it will be more expeditious than by ſea.

I have the pleaſure to tranſmit an Armiſtice concluded between the Court of Denmark and myſelf.

I mean as ſoon as the diſabled ſhips are refitted, and the worſt of the wounded moved into the Holſtein Daniſh ſhip of the line, which I have commiſſioned as an hoſpital ſhip, to proceed over the Grounds into the Baltic to put into execution the remaining part of my inſtructions.

The Iſis and Monarch being found in ſo bad a ſtate from the late action, as to render it neceſſary to ſend them to England to have their damages repaired, I ſhall ſend them home for that purpoſe with the Holſtein hoſpital ſhip, which has the wounded and ſick on board.

The Daniſh Government on the one hand, and Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Knight, Commander in Chief of his Britannic Majeſty's Naval Forces in the Road of Copenhagen on the other, being, from motives of humanity, equally anxious to put a ſtop to the further effuſion of blood, and to ſave the city of Copenhagen from the diſaſtrous conſequences which may attend a further proſecution of hoſtilities againſt that city, have mutually agreed upon a Military Armiſtice or Suſpenſion of Arms.

His Daniſh Majeſty having for that purpoſe appointed Major Gen. Erneſt Frederick Walterſtorff, Chamberlain to his Daniſh Majeſty, and Colonel of a Regiment, and Adjutant Gen. Hans Lindholm, Captain in his Daniſh Majeſty's Navy, his Commiſſioners for agreeing about the terms of the ſaid Armiſtice; and Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Knight, having, with the ſame view, duly authoriſed the Right Hon. Horatio Lord Nelſon of the Nile, Knight of the Moſt Hon. Order of the Bath, Duke of Bronte in Sicily, Knight of the Grand Croſs of the Order of St Ferdinand and of Merit, and of the Imperial Order of the Creſcent, Vice-Admiral in the Fleet of his Britannic Majeſty, and the Hon. William Stewart, Lieutenant-Colonel in his Britannic Majeſty's Service, and Member of Parliament, and commanding a detachment of his Britannic Majeſty's forces embarked; theſe ſaid Commiſſioners have met this day, and having exchanged their reſpective Powers, have agreed upon the following terms:

ART. I. From the moment of the ſignature of the Armiſtice, all hoſtilities ſhall immediately ceaſe between the fleet under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, and the City of Copenhagen, and all the armed ſhips and veſſels of his Daniſh Majeſty in the road or harbour of that city, as likewiſe between the different Iſlands and Provinces of Denmark, Jutland included.

ART. II. The armed ſhips and veſſels belonging

belonging to his Daniſh Majeſty, ſhall remain in their preſent actual ſituation as to armament, equipment, and hoſtile poſition; and the treaty commonly underſtood as the Treaty of Armed Neutrality ſhall, as far as relates to the co-operation of Denmark, be ſuſpended, whilſt the Armiſtice remains in force:

On the other ſide, the armed ſhips and veſſels under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, ſhall in no manner whatſoever moleſt the city of Copenhagen or his Daniſh Majeſty's armed ſhips and veſſels on the coaſts of the different Iſlands and Provinces of Denmark, Jutland included; and in order to avoid every thing which might otherwiſe create uneaſineſs or jealouſy, Sir Hyde Parker ſhall not ſuffer any of the ſhips or veſſels under his command to approach within gun-ſhot of the armed ſhips or Forts of his Daniſh Majeſty's in the Road of Copenhagen: this reſtriction ſhall not, however, extend to veſſels neceſſarily paſſing or repaſſing through the Gaſpar or King's Channel.

Art. III. This Armiſtice is to protect the city of Copenhagen, as alſo the coaſts of Denmark, of Jutland, and Iſlands included, againſt the attack of any other naval force which his Britannic Majeſty may now or hereafter, during its remaining in force, have in theſe ſeas.

Art. IV. The fleet of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker ſhall be permitted to provide itſelf at Copenhagen, and along the coaſts of the different Iſlands and Provinces of Denmark and Jutland included, with every thing which it may require for the health and comfort of its crews.

Art. V. Admiral Sir Hyde Parker ſhall ſend on ſhore all ſuch ſubjects of his Daniſh Majeſty as are now on board the Britiſh fleet under his command, the Daniſh Government engaging to give an acknowledgment for them, as alſo for all ſuch wounded as were permitted to be landed after the action of the 2d inſt. in order that they may be accounted for in favour of Great Britain, in the unfortunate event of the renewal of hoſtilities.

Art. VI. The coaſting trade carried on by Denmark, along all ſuch parts of her coaſt as are included in the operation of the Armiſtice, ſhall be unmoleſted by any Britiſh ſhips or veſſels whatever, and inſtructions given accordingly by Admiral Sir Hyde Parker.

Art. VII. The Armiſtice is to continue uninterrupted by the Contracting Parties, for the ſpace of fourteen weeks from the ſignature hereof, at the expiration of which time it ſhall be in the power of either of the ſaid parties, to declare a ceſſation of the ſame, and to recommence hoſtilities, upon giving fourteen days previous notice.

The conditions of this Armiſtice are upon all occaſions to be explained in the moſt liberal and loyal manner, ſo as to remove all ground of future diſputes, and facilitate the means of bringing about the reſtoration of harmony and good underſtanding between the two Kingdoms,

In faith whereof, we the underſigned Commiſſioners, in virtue of our full powers, have ſigned the preſent Armiſtice, and have affixed to it the Seal of our Arms.

Done on board his Britannic Majeſty's ſhip the London, in Copenhagen Roads, April the 9th, 1801.

(Signed)

(L. S.) *Nelſon and Bronte.*
(L. S.) *William Stewart.*
(L. S.) *Erneſt Frederick Walterſtorff.*
(L. S.) *Hans Lindholm.*

In purſuance of my above-mentioned authority, I ratify this Document with my hand.

(L. S.) *Frederick.*

Ratified by me,

(L. S.) *Hyde Parker*, Admiral and Commander in Chief of his Britannic Majeſty's Fleet.

Admiralty-Office, April 21.

Extract of a letter from Jos. Weſtbeech, to Archibald Dickſon, Eſq. Admiral of the Blue.

Favourite, Plymouth, W.S.W. eight Leagues, April 17, 1801.

SIR,

I beg leave to acquaint you, that I this evening captured, after a chace of four hours, L'Antichriſt French lugger privateer of 14 guns, nine and two pounders, manned with 60 men, commanded by Henry Alexandre Scorffery; out fifteen days from Dunkirk, had captured the ſhip Brotherly Love, of South Shields, bound to London, which I alſo recaptured. I am, Sir, &c.

Jos Weſtbeech.

(Here end the Gazettes.)

FOREIGN

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PETERSBURGH.

Proclamation iſſued by the New Emperor of Ruſſia, on his acceſſion to the throne.

" We, by the Grace of God, Alexander the Firſt, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Ruſſias, &c. &c.

" It has pleaſed the decrees of the Almighty to ſhorten the life of our beloved Parent, Sovereign, Emperor, Paul, Petrowitz, who died ſuddenly by an apoplectic ſtroke, at night, between the 11th and 12th of this month. We, on receiving the Hereditary Throne, of All the Ruſſias, do receive alſo, at the ſame time, the obligation to govern the people, committed to us by the Almighty, according to the laws and the heart of her who reſts in God, our moſt Auguſt Grandmother, Sovereign, Empreſs, Catharine the Great, whoſe memory will be ever dear to us, and the whole country. Following the ſteps of her wiſe intentions, we hope to arrive at the object of raiſing Ruſſia to the height of glory, and to procure an uninterrupted happineſs to all our faithful ſubjects, whom we do invite to ſend the infidelity to us by an oath before the face of Almighty God, whoſe aſſiſtance we implore to grant us power to bear the weight now preſſing upon us.

" Given at our Court of St Peterſburg, this 12th day of March, 1801.

" *Alexander.*"

PETERSBURGH, *March* 27.

" It is impoſſible, at preſent, to get any preciſe idea reſpecting the death of Paul I. It is ſaid in the Palace, that it was the burſting of a blood-veſſel which carried him off thus ſuddenly. His natural conſtitution, and his mode of life, appeared to preſerve him from this ſort of fate; he was of a ſpare habit, lived ſoberly, led a hard life, and took a great deal of exerciſe. On the other hand, he fatigued himſelf with exceſſive labour, entered paſſionately into politics; his ſoul was conſtantly agitated with miſtruſt and fear, and his love of women led him to great exceſſes. Theſe cauſes combined may ſerve to account for his premature death. Time only can clear up the myſtery.

" Whatever may have been the cauſe his death does not appear to have excited any regret. His ſeverity had alienated the minds of all claſſes; a vexatious and annoying police had made an abode in the capital very melancholy. No ten perſons dared to meet in one houſe, from the fear of alarming the ſuſpicions of the Czar; no one was ſure of preſerving his employment, whether military or civil; all fortunes were held by an uncertain tenure; the rupture with England was completely unpopular, becauſe the factories of the Engliſh in Ruſſia, their manner of carrying on buſineſs, and the money which they expend, are favourable to induſtry and cultivation. At the ſame time a general prejudice in favour of the Grand Duke Alexander began to prevail among the people, the nobility and the army.

" At eleven o'clock in the morning preceding his death, being on the parade, he appeared all on a ſudden to be ſtruck with ſome idea; he called for pen and ink, and wrote upon his hat a letter to the firſt Conſul. He firſt gave orders that it ſhould be inſtantly ſent off by an extraordinary courier. Afterwards, upon recollection, he ſaid it would be ſufficient to intruſt it to the courier who was to be ſent on the following day to M. de Kalichew. At At nine o'clock at night he entered his apartment, at ten a Turkiſh ſervant, who conſtantly attended him, retired; at eleven o'clock, the death of Paul was made public.

" The Empreſs Mother took the oath of Alexander. At two o'clock in the morning, the people took the oath in all the churches. For the three laſt months, Paul was ſubject to an hemorrhoidal flux."

EGYPT.

The Maritime Prefect of Egypt to all the Mariners employed in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, dated Alexandria, 10th March.

" As ſoon as the arrival of the enemy was known, I obtained leave of the Commander in Chief to repair to you. I have learnt with ſatisfaction the conduct of the French Company of Workmen of the Marine Artillery. The Britiſh Government has at length given us an opportunity of ſhewing how much we reſent their efforts to deſtroy the liberty of the ſeas. (Signed)

Le Roy."

The

The Maritime Prefect to the Chief Conſul, dated Alexandria, the 15th March.

CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL,

"The Miniſters of War and of the Marine will inform you of our ſituation. Let me only aſſure you, that every Frenchman, whether in the land or in ſea ſervice, is determined to periſh in the ruins of Alexandria rather than give it up."

Le Roy, Maritime Prefect in Egypt, to the Miniſter of Marine, dated Alexandria, 16th March.

"On the 1ſt March, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we perceived in the Weſt a very large enemy's fleet, viz. 15 veſſels of the line with two decks, of which 9 were armed for war, 32 frigates, from 30 to 36 cutters, brigs, and bomb-veſſels, and above 70 ſail of tranſports. About ten o'clock at night, the enemy having directed their courſe to the road of Aboukir, the troops marched to that point.

"On the 2d the enemy anchored to the Eaſt of Aboukir road. The ſhips of war which formed the blockade of Alexandria, joined the fleet. The French frigate, La Regeneree, was able to enter the port about nine o'clock in the morning; ſhe brought about 300 choſen men, and 3000 muſquets. During the courſe of this day, the garriſon of Alexandria took a poſition to the ſouth of the road of Aboukir.

"On the 7th of March, the weather was ſtormy. The troops were paſſed from the Engliſh ſhips of war to the tranſports which were nearer the ſhore. About four o'clock in the afternoon, 3 veſſels with oars approached to reconnoitre, in the Lake Madie; they landed about 50 or 60 men, who were inſtantly attacked—about 20 of them were killed, and the remainder immediately re-embarked. On the 8th, the weather was fine, and the enemy manœuvred to effect a diſembarkation. All their boats were filled with troops. About half-paſt ſix in the morning they began to move towards the ſhore, between Lake Madie and the Fort of Aboukir. Our troops immediately ranged themſelves in order of battle, oppoſite the point menaced. About 7 o'clock the enemy's boats, to the number of 3 or 400 began to row aſhore. They arrived in very good order, and began to effect their diſembarkation under the protection of their gun boats, which kept up a very ſevere fire upon our troops. We kept up on our part a very well-directed fire of grape ſhot, but their line was too much extended for us to oppoſe them on all points. Six or ſeven thouſand Engliſh troops landed. Our army, though much inferior in number, attacked them and charged them twice with bayonets. The Right of the Engliſh was almoſt immediately defeated, but was ſupported by a ſtrong column from the Left, which compelled the French to retire in their turn; both parties fought with great fury till nine o'clock in the morning, but ſeeing that the enemy were too numerous, and fearing, too, that by hazarding the ſafety of the Garriſon, Alexandria itſelf might be endangered, the General effected a retreat towards it in very good order. Our troops took a poſition about a league and a half from the field of battle, their Left to the ſea, and their Right towards Lake Madie. The enemy remained upon the heights of Aboukir. We loſt in the courſe of this day, about 300 men killed and wounded; the enemy had 2000 men put out of action.

"On the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, the two armies remained in their reſpective poſitions. On the laſt-mentioned day a reconnoitring party of our's fell in with one of the enemy's advanced poſts, and killed, wounded, and took priſoners, between 17 and 20 men, among whom were two officers. We loſt five men killed and wounded. On the 13th, the alarm cannon was fired at day-break at our advanced poſts: every body repaired to their poſts. The enemy advanced in an extended line and very good order; we waited their approach with firmneſs. About ſeven o'clock in the morning the action commenced throughout the whole line. The enemy appeared to be about 12,000 ſtrong. The Garriſon had been reinforced by the troops in the neighbourhood, and amounted to about 4000 men, of whom 600 were cavalry. The ſhock was violent on both ſides. Our cavalry charged twice; in the ſecond charge, they ſucceeded in making 5 or 600 of the enemy lay down their arms, but a column of Reſerve coming up, our cavalry was obliged to retire and give up their priſoners. In the evening, the army made a movement to the left, which was very much reinforced, and ſhortly

after

after a ſtrong column attacked us; they ſucceeded in getting poſſeſſion of the bridge of the Canal of Alexandria, but the Republicans ſoon retook it.---three times the enemy returned to the charge upon this point, but were repulſed with conſiderable loſs. About five o'clock in the evening, they reſumed their poſition on the left.

"The 14th, the two armies were employed in obſerving each other. In the morning the enemy made ſeveral movements on the left.---The cannon of Aboukir was heard almoſt the whole day. Three frigates approached, and were cannonaded by the batteries of the peninſula of Figueres.

(Signed) "*Le Roy.*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Papers, April 25.

On Friday, died, Maurice Nelſon, Eſq. one of the Secretaries of the Navy Board, and brother to Lord Nelſon. He was upon the point of receiving from the juſtice and liberality of Miniſters, an appointment ſuitable to his near conſanguinity to the Hero of the Nile, and his own individual merit. He was about to be appointed a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms or Exciſe, till a vacancy ſhould have happened at the Navy Board, to which he would then have been removed. He was the favourite and elder brother of Lord Nelſon.

Sedition.—Yeſterday Mr Attorney-General moved in the Court of King's Bench, that Thomas Spence might be charged with an Information which he had filed againſt him for the publication of a malicious and ſeditious libel, reſpecting the Right of Property in Land. The object of this publication was to ſhew that all the oppreſſion and diſtreſs which at preſent prevailed in the country were owing to the proprietors of land; it ſtates that all Families, Houſes, and Tribes were Banditti, &c. and that in order to remedy theſe evils, it was indiſpenſably neceſſary that the preſent ſyſtem of landed property ſhould be completely exterminated, and that all the land in the kingdom ſhould be equally divided among all the inhabitants of the Iſland without diſtinction, Young and Old, Male, and Female, Legitimate and Illegitimate. Although at firſt ſight it appeared difficult to be accompliſhed, yet in fact nothing was ſo eaſy. It might be effected in the courſe of a ſingle day. As the Almighty ſaid, "Let there be light, and there was light;" ſo the Public had only to ſay, "Let the land be ours, and it would be ſo." It contained a great deal of declaration to the ſame purpoſe. When the information was read to the Defendant, he acknowledged what he had written, which he had not doubt would be proved againſt him, and he would avow his principles any where. At length he pleaded Not Guilty; and will be tried at the Sitting after Term.

Birmingham, April 20.

On Saturday the 11th inſt. ſoon after four o'clock in the afternoon, the pariſh church of Shuſtock, in this County, was ſtruck by lightning, which came with a violent ſtorm of hail and ſnow. The lightning fell upon the top of the ſteeple, one of the walls of which it has cruſhed, and forced out ſome large ſtones; it then paſſed through the roof into the body of the church, broke the greateſt part of the glaſs in the windows, went out in the weſterly direction, and at the diſtance of of a mile and a half from the church, ſtripped the bark from a large elm in a field adjoining the dwelling-houſe of E. Croxall, Eſq.

Tueſday morning the following melancholy accident took place on the London road near Bath:—as the Lady of P. M'Clintock, Eſq. was riding with her huſband and Mr Barrington, her horſe ſet off at ſpeed up Box Hill; her companions not increaſing their pace, for fear of accelerating that of Mrs M. were, on coming to the turn of the road at Aſhlay, made miſerable ſpectators of that Lady extended ſpeechleſs on the road, and the horſe grazing by her ſide. The beſt medical aſſiſtance was immediately procured from Bath, but we are concerned to ſay, that their endeavours were not likely to prove ſucceſsful. Her ſkull was fractured, and her ſhoulder diſlocated.

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, *April 30.*

Circuit Intelligence.

The Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened at Glaſgow on the 15th inſt. by the Right Hon Lord Craig and Lord, Armadale.—Robert Barr, late carrier in Lanark, was accuſed at the inſtance of his Majeſty's Advocate, of the crime of forgery of notes bearing to be notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland; as alſo of iſſuing

iſſuing ſuch notes, knowing them to be forged. The libel charged ſeveral acts of uttering. They had occurred in June laſt year, and the forgery was then immediately detected, when only a few of the notes had been iſſued. The defence of the priſoner was, that he had iſſued the notes without knowing that they were forged. The principal witneſſes againſt him were John Hodge in Lanark, and his wife; but it appeared they were perſons of infamous characters, and that Hodge had been concerned in getting the Notes forged himſelf. Several of the witneſſes gave Barr a very good character. Mr William Rae, the Advocate Depute, addreſſed the Jury with great ability for the Crown, as did Mr James Ferguſon for the priſoner.—Lord Craig ſummed up the evidence with great candour and accuracy. The Jury returned their verdict unanimouſly finding the libel Not Proven; in conſequence of which the priſoner was acquitted and diſmiſſed from the bar.

Donald M'Raw or M'Craw, private ſoldier in the ninth or Perthſhire regiment of North Britiſh Militia, was tried for Culpable Homicide; by ſtriking James Littlejohn, in Glaſgow Barracks, of which wound he died. Two witneſſes proved that the priſoner had a quarrel with the deceaſed in harveſt laſt, that the priſoner ſtruck the deceaſed on the ſide of the head with his open hand and under the left breaſt with his fiſt; that on the deceaſed's attempting to get towards the priſoner, he fell upon the fender and cut his mouth; and that in a few minutes after which he expired. The Advocate Depute addreſſed the Jury, he ſaid, he was ſatisfied that the evidence now adduced could, with propriety, be interpreted two ways; it might be ſaid, that the death of Littlejohn was occaſioned by the blows he had received, or it might have been occaſioned by his fall—mercy inclined him to ſay that it was occaſioned by the latter; and, therefore, as the fact could never be known, he would requeſt the Jury to comply with a demand which ſeldom fell to his lot to require, that of bringing in a verdict in favour of the priſoner. The Jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty. Upon which, after a ſuitable advice from the Bench, applicable to the priſoner, and to every one preſent, to beware of quarrels, which triſling in their origin, might end in fatal conſequences, the priſoner was diſmiſſed from the bar.

The Court then proceeded to the trial of Francis Adams, accuſed of forging the ſubſcription of James Dunlop, of Linwood Mill, to a Promiſſary Note for 82*l.* Sterling, payable to himſelf 48 weeks after date. It appeared, that there was an indorſation on the back, purporting that if ſome Iriſh bills were not paid before the bill was due, it ſhould be of no avail.—The Court were of opinion, that, with ſuch an indorſation, it was impoſſible to negociate the bill, and as the crime of forgery did not conſiſt in merely adhibiting a name to a bill, but in uttering it, knowing it to be forged, this caſe could not fall within the libel. Several of the Jurymen declared that the note was good for nothing with ſuch an indorſation. The Advocate Depute paſſed from the trial, and the Jury acquitted the priſoner, who was diſmiſſed from the bar.

William M'Ewan, auctioneer in Edinburgh, and Agnes Gilleſpie, his wife, accuſed of breaking open two cheſts of drawers in two different public houſes in Paiſley, and ſtealing therefrom ſundry articles of wearing apparel, pleaded guilty. The Jury returned a verdict finding them guilty upon their confeſſion, whereupon they were ſentenced to tranſportation for ten years.

Alexander Anderſon, weaver in Tradeſtown, accuſed of various acts of houſe-breaking and theft, was found guilty, and ſentenced to tranſportation for life. The Advocate Depute, on account of his large family, and other circumſtances, reſtricted the libel to an arbitrary puniſhment.

William Cunningham, weaver in Glaſgow, and Margaret M'Feat, his wife, were charged with theft from bleachfields, and of being habit and repute thieves. The Advocate Depute deſerted the diet againſt them *pro loco et tempore*, and they were recommitted to priſon upon a new warrant.

AYR, *April* 14.

The Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened at Ayr, on the 14th curt. by the Right Hon. Lord Cullen. Andrew M'Fee, labourer at Garlieſton, accuſed of murder or culpable homicide, was outlawed for non-appearance.—James M'Kie, picking-maſter in the cotton-mill of Newton-Douglas, was accuſed of having written incendiary letters.

On

On account of the abſence of a material witneſs, at preſent in Ireland, the diet was peſerted *pro loco et tempore*, and M'Kie was recommitted to priſon.--Richard Johnſton, clogmaker, Richard Dilworth, and Thomas M'Millan, weavers, all in Newton Stewart or Newton Douglas, accuſed of having been concerned in a riot and mob collected for obſtructing the ſhipping of grain. They pleaded Guilty, and the Jury found them Guilty accordingly, and they were ſentenced to be impriſoned for two months.—Matthew Sheddon, William Johnſton, and John Walker, weavers in Beith, were accuſed of being concerned in rioting and meal mobbing, and Thomas Barclay, Robert Barclay, and John Barclay, maſons in Stewartown, and John Corrie, bonnetmaker there, accuſed of aſſaulting, wounding, and maltreating an officer of the law, were all outlawed for not appearing.—Mary Boyd, daughter of Joſeph Boyd, gardener in Wallacetown, near Ayr, a girl of 14 years of age, was tried for ſtealing a quantity of ſoap from the ſhop of a manufacturer in Ayr, and William Ronaldſon, grocer there, for reſetting the ſaid ſoap, knowing it to be ſtolen, Mary Boyd confeſſed her guilt. The jury found her Guilty; but in conſideration of her youth, recommended her to mercy; and, by a plurality of voices, found William Ronaldſon Not Guilty; whereupon he was acquitted, and diſmiſſed from the bar. Mary Boyd was ſentenced to be impriſoned for two months.---Alexander Couning, merchant in Whithorn, accuſed of having forged the ſubſcription of an atteſtor of a bond of caution, lodged by him in the Bill Chamber, in the courſe of an application to the Court of Seſſion for ſuſpenſion of a decree obtained againſt him, was outlawed for not appearing.---Geo. Murdoch, writer in Newmills; Stewart Mackie, Robert Henderſon, John Dugald, James Havern, James Lion, and Mathew Jamie, all weavers in the village of Newmills; and Anne Lyon, reſidenter there, were tried for being concerned in mobs and riots which took place in that village and its neighbourhood in October laſt. J. Lyon and M. Jamie not appearing, were outlawed; and the trial having proceeded as to the other perſons accuſed, it appeared in the courſe of the evidence, that the ſaid mob had ſeized and carried off a cart with meal, which was paſſing through the village of Newmills, in the evening of the 28th of that month; that in the courſe of the night they had proceeded to Galſton, ſearching different places for meal, and early on the following morning had ſeized two carts loaded with meal, which were paſſing through the ſaid village, and having groſsly maltreated the owner of the meal and his ſervant, and having knocked both of them down, they carried off the meal to Newmills, and there divided it amongſt themſelves, without paying or offering to pay any thing for the ſame. The Jury returned their verdict unanimouſly finding R. Henderſon, J. Dugald, J. Havern, and Anne Lyon, Guilty art and part of the crime libelled; and, by a plurality of voices finding Mackie, guilty art and part of the ſaid crime, but in reſpect a leſs degree of guilt attached to him and to Ann Lyon, humbly recommended them to the mercy of the Court; and finding the libel Not Proven againſt Murdoch, whereupon he was acquitted and diſmiſſed from the bar. The Court then pronounced judgment, ordaining Robert Henderſon, who appeared to have been the moſt guilty of the whole, to be impriſoned in the tolbooth of Ayr for ſix months, and baniſhed Scotland for life; ordaining John Dugald and James Havern, to be impriſoned for four months; Stewart Mackie for three months, and Ann Lyon for one month. David Wilſon, Sheriff Officer in Stranraer, David MacCulloch, ſailor, William M'Craig, journeyman wright there, and Margaret Wilſon, reſidenter there, accuſed likewiſe of being concerned in ſome riots and meal mobs, were called to the bar, but owing to ſome particular circumſtances, his Majeſty's Advocate Depute was induced not to inſiſt in the trial. The Court then decided on two appeals in Civil Cauſes, which concluded the Southern Circuit.

John M'Neill and Michael O'Neal, convicted before the High Court of Juſticiary, for uttering Bank of England One Pound notes, knowing them to be forged, and whoſe execution was to have taken place on the 29th inſt. have received a reſpite for ſix weeks.

April 28. This day the price of Oatmeal fell in Edinburgh market. There were 368 bolls of Lothian Oatmeal in market, which ſold for 36s. 35s. and 34s. per boll. Beſt retail price per peck, 2s. 3d. Second, 2s. 2½d. Third, 2s. 2d.

There

There were alſo 115 bolls of Peaſe and Barley meal, which ſold from 24s. to 28s. per boll.

BIRTHS.

March 5. 1801. At Ardelier, Mrs Macpherſon of her eighth daughter, which equals the number of ſons and daughters in Mr Macpherſon's family; three of whom are now in the Mediterranean, ſerving their King and Country.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart of Foſs, a daughter.

The Marchioneſs of Bath, a daughter.

29. At Stenhouſe, Lady Bruce, a daughter.

31. The Lady of John Corſe Scott of Sinton, Eſq. a ſon and heir.

April 3. At her houſe in George Street, Mrs Cunningham of Craigends, a ſon and daughter.

4. Mrs Duncan of Parkhill, a daughter.

5. At Maitlandfield, Mrs Colonel Maitland, a daughter.

—. At Stromneſs, Mrs David Geddes, a ſon.

—. At Conan Houſe, the Lady of Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart. a ſon.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Gordon, Duke Street, a daughter.

At London, the Lady of William Buſhby, Eſq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 28. At Kinneddar, near Elgin, the Rev. Mr John Macdonald, miniſter at Forres, to Miſs Fanny Gordon, eldeſt daughter of the Rev. Mr Lewis Gordon, miniſter of Drainy.

—. At Hamburgh, Samuel Petrie, Eſq. to Miſs Harriet Jackſon.

30. At Glaſgow, John Smellie, Eſq. of Jamaica, to Miſs Grace Bogle, daughter of George Bogle, Eſq.

April 2. Alexander Wyllie of Corſock, Eſq. to Miſs Margaret Gilleſpie, Frederick Street.

6. At Ayr, Capt. Lewis M'Kenzie of the 72d regiment of foot, to Miſs Jean Logan, youngeſt daughter of the deceaſed William Logan, Eſq. of Camblarg.

—. At Glaſgow, Mr William Dalglieſh, merchant there, to Miſs Elizabeth Wylie, daughter of Breadie Wylie, Eſq.

7. Mr Mowbray, writer to the ſignet, to Miſs Elizabeth Scougall, ſecond daughter of the late John Scougall, Eſq. merchant in Leith.

8. The Rev. Mr John Mudie, miniſter of Kirkton, Ayrſhire, to Miſs Jane Robiſon, daughter of the late Rev. John Robiſon of Kilkmarnock.

—. At Hexham, Mr Jamieſon, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Attorney at Law, to Miſs Wood.

April 15. A. M'Farlane, Eſq. of Blarnairn, to Miſs Eliza Hartley, of George Street, daughter of George Harland Hartley, Eſq. deceaſed.

—. At Broomrig, Oſwald Weir, Eſq. to Miſs May Denholm, daughter of William Denholm, Eſq. of Gullyhill.

—. At Paiſley, Mr Adam Hamilton, jun. Bleacher, to Miſs Mary Wylie, eldeſt daughter of Mr William Wylie, manufacturer.

—. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Æneas Sutherland, of the 93d regiment of foot, to Miſs Elizabeth Roſs, youngeſt daughter of Mr William Roſs, late of Invercharron, in Roſsſhire.

21. At Howlaws, Berwickſhire, Mr Geo. Carſtairs, merchant, Leith, to Miſs H. Dryſdale, daughter of Mr Thomas Dryſdale of Howlaws.

—. At Edinburgh, Mr John Dundas, jun. manufacturer, Kirkcaldy, to Miſs Iſabella Robertſon, daughter of the late Mr Robert Robertſon, merchant.

23. At the Haugh of Newliſton, Mr Jas. Wright, jun. to Miſs Mary Murray, eldeſt daughter of Bailie James Murray of Queenſferry.

—. At Edinburgh, Mr John Sprot of King's Road, London, to Miſs Mary Yule, daughter of Benjamin Yule, Eſq. of Wheatfield.

At Liverpool, Mr M'Intoſh, merchant in Greenock, to Miſs Edwards of the Iſle of Man.

Mr Judd, Surgeon of Stamford, to Miſs Elizabeth Strachan, youngeſt daughter of the late Colonel Strachan.

At Dorſet Houſe, by Special Licence, the Right Hon. Lord Whitworth, K. B. to her Grace the Ducheſs of Dorſet.

At Dublin, John Campbell, Eſq. Captain in the Royal Artillery, to Miſs Sneyd, widow of the late Col. Sneyd, of ſaid regiment.

At London, Major Wm. Howe Campbell, of the 35th regiment, to Miſs Eliza Turner, daughter of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. of Kirkleathem, in the county of York.

At Kelſo, James Cunningham, Eſq. to Miſs Margaret Elliot, ſecond daughter of the late Mr George Elliot bookſeller there.

Henry Fletcher, Eſq. only ſon of Henry Fletcher, M. P. for Cumberland, to Miſs Francis Sophia Vaughan, fourth daughter of Thomas Vaughan, Eſq.

DEATHS.

Captain Alexander Taylor, of the Woodcote country ſhip, ſon of the late Mr David Taylor, Attorney in Exchequer, in December 1799.

In December 1799, at Bombay, in the E. Indies, Mr Samuel M'Intyre, Surgeon to the 3d Native regiment.

Lieut.

Lieut. Alexander Innes, of the 22d regt. of foot, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 11th of June laſt.

On the 30th July laſt, At Chunar, Lieut. John Bell, of the 12th Native regiment.

On the 1ſt November laſt, at Fort Charlotte, Naſſau, New Providence, Capt. David Corbet, of his Majeſty's 47th regiment.

On board the Anna, on his paſſage to England, on the 23d December laſt, George Cumming, Eſq. of the Bengal Eſtabliſhment, and eldeſt ſon of Alexander Cumming Gordon Eſq.

At Spaniſh Town, Jamaica, on the 25th December laſt, Robert Sinclair, Eſq. attorney at law, ſon of the late Robert Manſon Sinclair of Bridgend, Eſq.

On the 5th of January laſt, at Cave Valley, in the pariſh of Hanover, Jamaica, Mr Henry Dixon, from Glaſgow.

On the 5th of January laſt, at Spaniſh Town, Jamaica, Lieut.-Col. James Grant, of the 46th regiment, Adjutant-General of the troops ſerving in that iſland.

Upon the 21ſt January laſt, at Demerara, James Cuming, Eſq. late of Sluie, in the county of Moray.

Feb. 7. 1800. At Orange Hill, Jamaica, Dr Murray Grant.

At Surinam, Mr Aberdeen, ſurgeon of the Atlantic letter of marque.

April 16. 1800. At Cananore, on his paſſage to Bombay, Mr Henry Hope Hunter, ſurgeon, Hoſpital Staff, ſon to the late Mr James Hunter, Rector of the grammar ſchool, Moffat.

Sir Charles Stewart K. B. brother to the Marquis of Bute? He died of the gout in his ſtomach, with which he had been long afflicted. He was recently appointed Commander in Chief in Ireland. By his death, the 26th regiment of foot and a red ribband become vacant.

On his paſſage to England, Lieut.-Col. John Boujonnar.

At South Witham, the Lady of Charles Manners, and grand-daughter of the late Marchioneſs of Tweedale.

At Clapham Common, Mrs Barclay, wife of Robert Barclay, Eſq.

At London, Lieut.-Col Eugene M'Carthy.

At Teignmouth, Samuel Cranſton Goodall, Eſq. Admiral of the White.

At Bluecaſtle, pariſh of Weſtmoreland, Jamaica, Dr James Bell, Phyſician, late of Kelſo.

At Bath, General Frederick, of the 54th regiment.

Lately, at Bath, David Webſter, Eſq. merchant, Leadenhall Street.

At Craigdam, in the 73d year of his age, and 50th year of his miniſtry, the Rev. Mr William Brown, Miniſter of the Aſſociate Congregation there.

March 14. 1801. At Pimlico, John Knowles, Eſq. Rear Admiral of the White.

17. In his Majeſty's ſhip Invincible, off Yarmouth, Capt. Carruthers.

—. Firſt Lieutenant Hugh Dalrymple, of his Majeſty's marine forces, third ſon of Mr William Dalrymple, merchant in Edinburgh. This promiſing officer was in his 24th year, and had been eight years in the ſervice. He was one of the unfortunate ſufferers on board the Invincible.

19. At Liſbon, the Hon. John David Colyear, ſon of the Earl of Portmore.

20. At her houſe in Prince's Street, Mrs Gordon, Relict of the late Nathaniel Gordon, Eſq. of Whitehill.

21. At Keith, the Rev. Mr Alexander Stewart miniſter of Leſly, in the 85th year of his age.

—. At Edinburgh, Mrs Salt, wife of Peter Salt, ſugar-refiner.

22. Near Donaghadee, the Rev. James Knox, ſeveral years diſſenting Clergyman of the pariſh of Dumbanagher, and latterly of Donaghadee.

—. At Liverpool, Mr George Hutchiſon, merchant.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Freeland, Relict of Capt. William Blair, late of the 13th Regiment of Foot.

25. At Dalmellington, Major William M'Myne, late of the 58th regiment.

—. Mrs Kemptie, relict of Mr Francis Kemptie.

—. At Edinburgh, Gilbert Elliot, Eſq. in the 80th year of his age.

26. At Fountainbridge, Mrs Anne Arbuthnot, daughter of the deceaſed Hon. Thomas Arbuthnot, merchant in Edinburgh.

—. Rear Admiral Cornthwaite Ommanney.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Iſabella Grant, daughter of the deceaſed Lord Elchies.

—. At her Houſe Leith, Mrs Jean Livingſtone, Relict of Alexander Aliſon, Eſq. late Caſhier of Exciſe.

—. At Edinburgh, Mr George Johnſton, writer to the ſignet.

Errata in our laſt :—p. 171. col. 1 l. 38. *for*, belonging to Doctor Alexander Pennycuik, as appears from the verſes of his poems on his father's death, *read*, belonging to the father of Doctor Alexander Pennycuick, &c.—p. 173. col. 2. l. 18. *for*, carry off Jupiter's Eagle; *read*, carrying off by Jupiter's Eagle.—p. 174. col. 1. l. 20. *for*, purls its way paſt, *read*, puzzles its way paſt.